









PILGRIM MONUMENT

Old Pilgrim Days

By

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This is the place:

Let me review the scene
And summon from the shadowy Past
The forms that once have been.

Longfellow.

The story which links Scrooby to Plymouth Rock is the first great epic of the American people. Long may it be recited in their homes and inspire their hearts!

Dr. John Brown, Bedford, England.

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To My Mother
A Daughter of the Mayflower and the Arbella
and
To My Father
In whom the Blood of the Quaker and Puritan
Commingled
This Little Book
Is Dedicated
In Loving Memory.

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They came—a life devoting band—
In winter o'er the sea;
Fearless they left their fatherland,
Home of their infancy.
And when they battled to be free,
'Twas not for us and ours alone:
Millions may trace their destiny
To the wild beach they trod upon.

The brave on Bunker's Hill who stood,
And fearless fought and died,
Felt in their veins the pilgrims' blood,
Their spirit and their pride.
That day's last sunbeam was their last,
That well-fought field their death-bed scene;
But 'twas that battle's bugle blast
That bade the march of mind begin.

It sounded o'er the Atlantic waves;
"One struggle more, and then
Hearts that are now to tyrants slaves
May beat like hearts of men.
The Pilgrims' names may then be heard
In other tongues a battle word—
The gathering war-cry of the free,
And other nations, from their sleep
Of bondage waking, long may keep,
Like us, the Pilgrims' Jubilee."

Fitz-Greene Halleck.



PART FIRST

ELDER BREWSTER AND HIS TIME

ELDER BREWSTER AND HIS TIME

And thus he bore without abuse,
The grand old name of gentleman.

Tennyson.

“William Brewster of Scrooby. Gentleman.”

Dec. 7, 1607. Records of Ecclesiastical Court of York.

If there is anything of dignity and meaning in human life, it lies in selfless devotion to beliefs, to principles; it is readiness to sacrifice happiness, life, all in their defense.

Robert Herrick.

At this momentous period in the world's history, it is peculiarly fitting that the sons and daughters of America should commemorate the heroic character and purposes of their forefathers, for by such high example each succeeding generation is uplifted and inspired. The prophetic words of Daniel Webster and of William Cullen Bryant have been fulfilled, and on the shores of the Pacific the children of the Pilgrim sires observe Forefathers' Day and Compact Day with love and reverence, as in the old home. When the Mayflower sailed on its lone way across the Atlantic it was at once “the fruit of the past and the seed of the future”. In that germ lay all that America has since become,

even as the oak lies enfolded within the acorn. Looking backward across three centuries to the origin of this latter-day glory and greatness, we may well exclaim, What has God wrought!

No nation ever had nobler beginnings than our own. In high moral and spiritual achievement the Pilgrim and Puritan fathers stand pre-eminent among the founders of colonies in the annals of civilization. It is the glory of New England that her founders were not gold hunters nor soldiers of fortune, but men of vision, who esteemed spiritual and intellectual treasure above any other riches whatsoever. The Pilgrim leaders were men of the same high quality as those of the Massachusetts Colony. Earnestness, gravity, dignity of bearing, high purpose and fine intelligence fit a man for "the best" in any state of life to which it may please God to call him. The leaders of early New England were above all scholars and thinkers, and were eminently qualified for the choicest society of their own or any other day. The men of the Mayflower were the liberals and progressives of their time, with a passion for realizing their ideals.

Our scholarly forefathers, familiar with whatever was best in the social and intellectual life of the Elizabethan age, were in striking contrast to the modern immigrant with whom some writers are fond of comparing them. The famous Mayflower and Arbella, the Lion and the Griffin, were probably not much better adapted to ocean travel than the boats

which ply along our coasts; but, such as they were, our ancestors were first cabin passengers, and in no wise to be confounded with the unlettered, unpolished alien who lands from the steerage at Ellis Island. They were men of ripe scholarship who carried the world in their hearts, not alone the Europe of their day, but the classic world of Greece and Rome, whose great writers held a place in their mental furnishing and equipment which could scarcely be paralleled today. Unlike the modern immigrant, the leaders of early New England seldom fled from intolerable material conditions. Had they chosen to conform in religious matters, men like Brewster and Winslow and Winthrop might have lived out their days in honor and affluence. Coming for an ideal benefit to this outside of the world, a life-long battle with adversity was henceforth their portion under the sun.

Chief among the heroic men and women who with rare courage and dignity laid the corner-stone of American greatness, was Elder William Brewster, the Nestor of their pilgrimage.

Emerson somewhere says of Sir Philip Sidney and Sir Walter Raleigh that they were men of great figure and of few deeds. There was something finer in them than anything which they said. That something was character, which outruns intellectual achievement and leaves an impression of intrinsic greatness and power out of all proportion to their actual performance on the stage of human affairs. The same might be said of wise-hearted, high-souled Elder Brewster, whose

name has been for generations a household word. In fine and lasting colors Governor Bradford has limned his portrait for posterity. A few personal anecdotes, a few spoken or written words of pith and moment have come down to us, yet beyond cavil he holds his place as one of the most benign and gracious figures in American history. "There is not in all our history a more beautiful character," says Edwin D. Mead. "No more interesting figure appears in our early annals than that of the Elder of Plymouth, the father of the Pilgrim Fathers,—no life with more pathetic contrasts, none more self-sacrificing, none nobler, loftier, holier, or more venerable." After three centuries, he is now as he was in old Pilgrim days, Elder Brewster the Well-beloved. Enthusiasm is vital to all truly great achievements, and under all the vicissitudes of his lot Elder Brewster was sustained by the power of a great faith. Beset on every side, like David of old he encouraged himself in the Lord his God.

The son of William and Prudence Brewster, the future Elder of Plymouth Colony was born 1560-6, probably at Scrooby Manor, since his father and grandfather had long been prominent factors in the management of that estate, which belonged to the Archbishop of York, who divided with the Archbishop of Canterbury the ecclesiastical authority of England. That eminent authority on Pilgrim history, Henry Martyn Dexter, says: "It is a necessary inference from the few data in our possession that this Brewster family was neither socially obscure nor poor. * * *

When Brewster was cited before the High Court of Commission Dec. 1, 1607, he was described officially as William Brewster of Scrowbie 'gen.'; 'Gen' being an abbreviation of 'generous,' i. e., well-born." "It has been held by some," writes Mr. Story, "that because the coat-of-arms preserved in the Brewster family in America is identical with that of the ancient Suffolk family of the same name, Elder Brewster must have been a descendant of Brewsters of that county. The circumstances, however, may be accounted for by the supposition that the Brewsters of Scrooby were a collateral branch of the Suffolk sept."¹ It is said that in one branch of the Suffolk Brewsters the name William was kept for more than three hundred years.

The father, and probably the grandfather, of Elder Brewster held the "Postship of Scrobye," a government office of dignity and importance, no private mail being carried, but only such as related to the affairs of the kingdom. It was a position suited to men of good family. In January, 1575-6, Archbishop Grindal appointed "his trusty and well-beloved William Brewster"—the father of Elder Brewster of later days—his receiver of Scrooby and all its liberties in Nottinghamshire, and also bailiff of the manor-house, to hold both offices for life.²

Scrooby was not far from Sherwood Forest, and William Brewster's boyhood must often have been enlivened by tales and traditions of Robin Hood and

¹Alfred T. Story: *American Shrines in England*.

²Dr. John Brown: *The Pilgrim Fathers in New England*.

his merry men. The old manor-house, once a stately place, had sheltered royalty, and hither after his great fall came Cardinal Wolsey, to learn perchance "the blessedness of being little". The modern traveler finds small trace in Serooby of its former importance, but, situated on the Great North Road to Scotland, it offered unusual opportunities in Brewster's time for contact with the great men and notable events of the Elizabethan period.

Serooby Manor was a possession of the Archbishops of York in the time of William the Conqueror, perhaps earlier, and was a place of consequence. The manor-house with its thirty-nine chambers and apartments, among them a "dyning chambre ceiled and dressed with waynscot," was a stately abode. In 1541 it was described by Leland the antiquarian as "a great Manor-House of the Bishops standing within a moat, and builded in two courts, whereof the first is very ample, and all builded of timber, saving the front of the hall, this is of brick, to the which one ascends by steps of stone." "The old Serooby church," says Charles Carleton Coffin, "rears its tower aloft near at hand. Let us take a good look at the manor-house, at the spacious kitchen, at the dining hall with its massive table, the stag-horns nailed upon its oaken beams; for we shall come back to the mansion again and again as the years roll by. We shall see gathered around the hearthstone men and women who have done great things for liberty."¹ The historic place

¹Charles Carleton Coffin: The Story of Liberty.

fell gradually into decay after Brewster's day. Except that some of the original material may have been utilized in its building, the house now standing has no relation to the ancient manor-place where Elder Brewster lived, and where he welcomed his friends. A carved oak beam, probably once a part of the chapel, may be seen today at the Congregational House in Boston, Massachusetts.

In 1580 William Brewster matriculated at Peterhouse, the oldest college of Cambridge University, dating backward to the time of the Crusades. Cambridge, the stronghold of Puritanism and of progressive ideas in Church and State, furnished a goodly number of scholars and thinkers to colonial life in America. Three centuries ago bright studious boys entered college at an earlier age than at present. Lord Bacon began his studies at Cambridge in his thirteenth and left it in his sixteenth year. Sir Philip Sidney entered Christ Church College at fourteen, and quitted Oxford three years later; while John Winthrop, the future governor of Massachusetts Colony, like Elder Brewster, was sufficiently well-educated at eighteen for his entrance into the great world in which both were destined to play such noble parts.

Latin as a spoken and a written language was the common medium of communication between learned men in the sixteenth century, and William Brewster attained to no small proficiency in the same. An apt scholar, he took learning "fast as 'twas minister'd," and the atmosphere of Cambridge must have been

singularly congenial to his high-toned temperament. Here, too, he came under spiritual influences which powerfully affected his after life. Bradford tells us that it was at Cambridge the young scholar was "first seasoned with the seeds of grace and virtue," and the bias given which was to persist through a long lifetime. Thus was the foundation of character laid, and received further development from his close association with Mr. William Davison, who held an honored place in the service of Queen Elizabeth.

It is probable that Brewster entered the service of Davison when the latter held the important office of Clerk of the Privy Council to Elizabeth, an office filled only by men of tried and trusted statesmanship. From the outset Brewster had wonderful opportunities to acquire extensive knowledge and experience in the most important affairs of the kingdom.

Accompanied by Brewster, Davison went as ambassador to Holland in 1585, to take possession of the Cautionary Towns demanded by the Queen of England as security for aid rendered that brave little country in its life-and-death struggle with Spain. The keys of Flushing were given to Davison, who committed them to Brewster for safe keeping until their delivery into the hands of Sir Philip Sidney. It is recorded that Brewster slept with them under his pillow. Davison was a favorite in the Netherlands, and his journey through Holland in company with the Earl of Leicester was like a triumphal progress. Sumptuous fetes and festivities of all kinds awaited

the English envoys in every city, and at Leyden a magnificent pageant revived the glories of the heroic siege of 1571.¹ The year spent in Holland was in itself a liberal education, and must have imbued Brewster's mind with new and higher conceptions of society and government.

“He beheld many wonderful sights while abroad, but what he learned was even more important for a man whom Providence was educating to be one of the founders of Massachusetts. The Dutch were then in advance of the world in initiating and working out many things which we associate with America, because we suppose them to have been invented on this side of the Atlantic.”² There were to be seen close at hand famous men, among them Sir Philip Sidney, whose elegant Latin has supplied the motto of that great State of Massachusetts, of which Brewster was to lay the foundation stone.³ His mission ended, the States honored Davison with a gold chain, which he committed to Brewster, and commanded him to wear it when they arrived in England, as they rode through the country, until they came to the Court.

The office of private secretary to some great Officer of State was usually a stepping-stone to political preferment. The first Lord Proprietor of Maryland began his political career as under secretary to Sir Robert Cecil, while William Davison, starting in public

¹Rev. Ashbel Steele: *Life of Elder Brewster*.

²William Eliot Griffis: “*Romance of American Colonization*.”

³William Eliot Griffis: *The Pilgrims in Their Three Homes*.

life as private secretary to an English Ambassador, Sir Henry Killigrew, rose in after years to a high position in the court of Elizabeth. Returning from Holland, Davison became Secretary of State, choosing for his private secretaries William Brewster and George Cranmer, a grand-nephew of the martyred archbishop and an intimate friend and schoolfellow of Sir Edwin Sandys, who in later years rendered invaluable assistance to Brewster and Robinson in launching the Plymouth Colony. Davison was also a member of the Privy Council, a body composed of twelve of the great Officers of State, together with an indefinite number of lords chosen by the queen, and whose duty was, under oath, "to advise the sovereign according to their best skill, knowledge, and discretion, without partiality or corruption, and to observe, keep, and do, all that good and true counsellors ought to do for the sovereign's honor and the public good".

In such a school, under such a master, was William Brewster to receive the training of his youth. All the affiliations of his life were unconsciously moulding him for his task as a leader of men. Between Davison and Brewster there was a marked similarity of character and purpose. Davison was accounted one of the noblest men of his time, and it speaks volumes for Brewster's worth that the great statesman loved him as a son, and "finding him so faithful and discreet, trusted him above all others that were about him, and only employed him in matters of greatest trust and secrecy." There is much in the story of William

Brewster to remind one of Joseph, whose fine integrity and charm of character had power to win, in that far-off morning of the world, the utmost confidence of all with whom he had to do. In the dew of his youth Brewster was learning, like Joseph, that nothing is of real moment save the ethical and spiritual values of life.

Educated at Cambridge University, familiar with the court of Queen Elizabeth, and in close and affectionate companionship with Davison, there was everything to make our worshipful Elder Brewster a refined and courtly man. In the impressionable season of youth he had abundant opportunity to observe the noblest men of the age, one of whom, Sir Philip Sidney, was rightly esteemed the flower of English knighthood. Brewster's whole after life indicated that he was not unmindful of those fine examples of "high-erected thoughts seated in the heart of courtesy". Everything betokened for the young courtier a brilliant future, but the Divinity that shapes our ends had other plans and purposes. That finely touched spirit was reserved to nobler uses than basking in the world's sunshine as a favorite of fortune.

"It seems strange to connect events apparently so wide apart," says a noted English writer, "yet it is almost certain that but for the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, there would have been no Pilgrim Church at Scrooby or at Leyden, no voyage of the Mayflower, and no Elder Brewster in Plymouth Church, with all his far-reaching influence in Amer-

ican life.”¹ The execution of Mary Stuart demanded a scapegoat, and the perfidy of Elizabeth brought Davison’s fortunes down with a crash. His spotless integrity availed him nothing. He was thrown into the Tower of London, from which he emerged broken in health and fortune. Brewster was one of those rare friends who are born for adversity. To him, as to our own Emerson, friendship was not alone for serene days and summer skies, but for all the hard places of life and death. He remained for some time with his unfortunate patron, “doing him many faithful offices in the time of his trouble”. Great even in ruin, Davison still had power to secure for his young favorite the office of Post of Scrooby, a government position of high responsibility, with a residence in the manor-house of the Archbishops, and carrying with it a salary equal to that of a principal secretary of state. This office was left vacant in 1590 by the death of William Brewster, Senior, whose last days were soothed and comforted by the presence of his son.

Knightly spirits like Sidney and Spenser found much to repel them in the falsity and hollowness of life in courts, and Davison had learned to his sorrow how

“Wretched is that poor man
That hangs on princes’ favors.”

It may not have been all regret when Brewster turned his back upon the brilliant life of Elizabeth’s court,

¹Dr. John Brown: “The Pilgrim Fathers and Their Puritan Successors.”

and returned to the simpler and more wholesome atmosphere of rural England. Perhaps with Sir Philip Sidney he might have sung

“Greater is the shepherd’s treasure,
Than this false, fine, courtly pleasure.”

Be that as it may, the young man returned to Scrooby with a mind broadened and enriched by his varied experiences in the great world. Hither he brought his bride, the lady of Scrooby manor, where they spent happy years in high esteem among the gentlefolks of those parts, themselves among “the Best”.

Had he chosen to do so, Brewster might have passed his days in ease and dignity. Very slowly he formed the resolve to abandon the Church of England in which his childhood and youth had been nurtured. As great in act as in thought, when persecution fell thick and fast upon men he loved and honored, William Brewster cast in his lot with the people of God, “whatsoever it should cost him”. Under his fostering care the little band of non-conformists, whose hearts God had touched, grew strong and of such courage and moral hardihood that they feared nothing save disobedience to the Higher Law. In the old palace of the archbishops the Spirit of New England had its birth. In the wainscoted drawing room of Scrooby manor-house the Massachusetts cradle began to rock.¹ ✓

At this period began the famous friendship of Brewster and Bradford which was to last unbroken for forty years.

¹William Eliot Griffis: *Brave Little Holland*.

William Eliot Griffis: *Romance of American Colonization*.

“Soon the eager lad found his way to Brewster. Sunday morning he followed the meadow-path to Scrooby, and thence accompanied by his friend to Babworth and Clifton. As the grave middle-aged courtier and the earnest confiding youth paced along the fragrant pathway, little did they look like the Moses and Aaron who were to establish the ark of the covenant in a Canaan yet to be conquered from the Trans-Atlantic wilderness. Bradford found in Brewster not only religious sympathy, but secular instruction; his friend was a born teacher, and was rarely qualified to pass beyond the meagre range of textbooks and make his pupil familiar with the affairs of camps, courts, and countries. The youth who had a fondness for history and antiquities, must have found no little enjoyment and profit in studying the Scrooby palace in its decaying grandeur, especially with the expositions of its learned master.”¹ To know Brewster as Bradford knew him was a liberal education to the future governor and historian of Plymouth Colony.

These halcyon days of peace soon ended, and clouds heavy and dark gathered about their pathway. Very dear to Elder Brewster’s heart must have been the great manor-place at Scrooby, the home of his childhood and young manhood, to which he had brought his bride and where sons and daughters were born to him, but having put his hand to the plough he would not turn back. The story of the flight to Holland is a more than twice-told tale. Suffice it to say, that

¹John A. Goodwin: *The Pilgrim Republic*.

themselves in the greatest peril of all, Brewster, Robinson, and Clifton passed over last, having stayed to help the weakest over before them. It has been well said that the Pilgrim exiles deserved to be called the Huguenots of England, and William Brewster was their Coligny.¹

The Pilgrim was a Puritan, but the Puritan was not a Pilgrim. The Puritan desired to purify and reform abuses within the Church of England, while the Pilgrim reverted to the simplicity of the early Christian Church. Nothing but the most exalted sense of truth and duty could have driven men like Robinson and Brewster and Bradford from the faith of their fathers.

John Robinson and William Brewster were the founders of American Congregationalism, and eastern England is holy ground to Pilgrim and Puritan alike. Not far from Scrooby is Epworth, the birthplace of John Wesley, who more than a century and a half later organized the great Methodist movement, which has brought light and healing to thousands of broken spirits sitting in darkness and the shadow of death. A little farther distant is Bedford, where John Bunyan saw visions and dreamed dreams. There be many American shrines in England, honored alike in the Old World and in the New.

Coming to Amsterdam, they found the Separatist church torn with fierce controversies, and dreading to

¹Rev S. E. Herrick: *Some Heretics of Yesterday*.

become involved in its dissensions, the Scrooby church voluntarily removed to Leyden where they might dwell together in unity, "valuing peace and their spiritual comfort above every other riches whatsoever." To them also the Right was more precious than Peace, yet when it could be secured without a sacrifice of principle, the Pilgrims regarded peace as the greatest of earthly blessings.

That Elder Brewster cherished a strong regard for the Church of England is evinced by a custom he retained of hearing the ministers of that communion in Holland. A finely tolerant spirit characterized both the Elder and the Pastor of the Pilgrim Church, for when any man about to join them began to inveigh against the English church, Robinson and Brewster would stop him, saying they required no such thing, but only separation from its evils.

In those days, when men fled for conscience' sake, they left their goods behind them, and Pilgrim losses were heavy as they escaped from the land of their fathers. Though "in regard to his former breeding and course of life not so fit for many employments as others were, especially such as were toilsome and laborious," we read in Bradford's chronicle with what cheerfulness and dignity Elder Brewster bore the unaccustomed hardships and deprivations of his lot. His scholarship stood him in good stead, and in time enabled him to "live well and plentifully," by teaching English to young men in Leyden University, some of them great men's sons. A priceless treasure would

be a copy of the grammar he drew up according to Latin rules, by which the study of English was made easy.

It is unlikely that Brewster returned to London between 1588-1607, but thirty years after quitting Davison he revisited those scenes, on a mission to arrange for the departure of the Pilgrims to the New World. Westminster Hall and the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey and Old St. Paul's, with their wonderful historic associations, were familiar to Brewster's youth, and the London of Shakespeare was part and parcel of his strangely checkered life. There is a tradition that he paid a visit to Scrooby in 1618-19, to see and say farewell to those devoted men and women who by reason of age and infirmity had not shared the exodus to Holland twelve years before. "We can imagine," says Alfred Story, "the great-hearted Brewster going from one to another, bidding them farewell, with words of cheer and encouragement, and leaving behind him the never-to-be-obiterated memory of a man of noble stature, habited in a coat of purple velvet, green vest, and gray corduroy small clothes, but more than all these, wearing ever a smile of ineffable sweetness on his grave and handsome face."¹ And so the Elder of the Pilgrims bade a long farewell to Scrooby manor and to the cherished scenes and associations of his youth and early manhood, and set forth on that fateful journey to the wild New World, where, with his heroic friends and

¹Alfred T. Story: *American Shrines in England*.

co-workers, he was to lay the foundations of a new tabernacle in the wilderness.

A wealthy friend of the Pilgrims furnished the means to set up a printing press in Leyden, and Brewster, assuming the duties of an editor, had incurred the enmity of royal and ecclesiastical dignitaries in England by publishing religious books forbidden in his native land. At the time he was in London preparing for the departure to the New World, a warrant was out for his arrest for publishing seditious books in Holland. To the High Commission Court a free press was as dangerous as dynamite, and Brewster with his little stone of Truth was smiting the giant tyranny and superstition of ages. "For more than a year before he left Delfshaven in the *Speedwell*," says Arber, "the Ruling Elder of the Pilgrim Church was a hunted man; and it speaks volumes for the fidelity of the church that, through all this storm, they so bravely and faithfully sheltered their beloved Officer from the fury of the English King."

It is impossible to overestimate the benefits which accrued to the Pilgrims from their twelve years' residence in Holland. The enlightened and liberal views upon civil government and religious toleration; the zeal for universal education and the incentives to knowledge in a land where, three hundred years ago, books were "as common as bread and cheese"; the custom of equal though different education of boys and girls; the exquisite cleanliness of Dutch houses

and towns, to be reflected later in the time-honored neatness and thrift of New England; the charm and tastefulness of domestic life in Holland, must have exercised a powerful influence upon the ideals and habits of our forebears.

But with that tenacity of race inherent in the Anglo-Saxon breed the Pilgrims were unwilling to lose their identity as Englishmen. The men of the *Mayflower* and the *Arbella* were of the same good stock and breeding as Shakespeare and Drake and Raleigh, and their love for England was deep and abiding. Living as exiles in a strange land, the hearts of the Pilgrims turned fondly backward to the place of their nativity. To renounce was not to forget, and memories of the old home, of childhood, of old churches and churchyards where precious dust was garnered, must have filled every heart. One great motive for their emigration to America, Winslow tells us, was because it was grievous unto them to live from under the protection of the State of England, and their fear of losing their language and the name of English. Added to this was the difficulty of giving their children such an education as they had themselves received. It was impossible to return to the homeland, so "lifting up their hearts with their hands unto God in the heavens," they resolved to go forth in the strength of Him who is invisible to found another and a better England beyond the Atlantic.

Old age was creeping on apace, but "first in all adventures and forwardest in any," the heroic Elder

stood girt and road-ready to lead the way to a land beyond the seas. No perils on ocean or on land could daunt his martyr spirit, which animated his whole flock, and enabled them to triumph over danger and difficulty, and even death itself. Called from on high, the Pilgrim Fathers fared forth to their Great Adventure, in answer to a summons as divine as that which led Abraham from his country and his father's house, and fraught with consequences as momentous to the human race. Nor did they go alone. They were accompanied in their perilous undertaking by the Pilgrim Mothers, those "native and heroical spirits" who shared to the uttermost the high courage and constancy which have been the immemorial inheritance of the English race in every land and under every sky.

In launching the Mayflower enterprise, Brewster and Robinson found a friend and helper in Sir Edwin Sandys, one of the greatest men of a great age, with whose family the Brewsters of Scrooby had long been associated. All the affiliations of Elder Brewster's eventful life had tended to promote in him liberal ideas in politics and religion. His residence in Holland had taught him new lessons in religious toleration and civil liberty. From Davison he had imbibed strong Puritan convictions, and in that service he had enjoyed familiar acquaintance with George Cranmer and Sir Edwyn Sandys, both of whom had been pupils of the incomparable Hooker, a man of such enlightened views that the world has yet scarcely attained to the largeness of his thought. In that most

interesting book, "Shakespeare and the Founders of Liberty in America," Charles Mills Gayley says: "There can be no doubt that the qualities displayed by William Brewster, as Elder of the congregation in Leyden and afterwards in Plymouth Colony, were colored by long association with 'his very loving friend', Sir Edwin Sandys, and their intimate from youth, George Cranmer, as well as by first-hand acquaintance with the printed word of Richard Hooker. This kinship with the school of that great master is reflected in the genial humanity, the liberal knowledge and outlook, the conservative wisdom, with which the historic Elder moulded the civil polity of the first settlement in New England, and held in check tendencies elsewhere manifested toward religious bigotry and oppression." From 1585 to 1591 Richard Hooker was preaching in the Temple, and as William Brewster remained in London until 1587-8, it is extremely probable that he and George Cranmer drank deeply of the wisdom of this great teacher and philosopher,—the choice and master spirit of that age. Elder Brewster was a man of great experiences, and was eminently qualified to become when time was ripe a founder of New England, and one of the most venerated figures of American history.¹

The great enterprise was not entered into rashly and unadvisedly, for well those men of light and leading knew how hard it would be for those "broughte upp among bookes and learned men, to live in a bar-

¹James Kendall Hosmer. Winthrop's Journal, Vol. 1, P. 93.

barous place, wherein is no learning and less syvillytie." But something higher than themselves was beckoning them on, and in the beautiful words of Brewster and Robinson, "It was not with them as with other men, whom small things could discourage, or small discontentments cause to wish themselves at home again." They considered that "all great and honorable actions were accompanied with great difficulties, which must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages." So they left Leyden, "that goodly and pleasant city which had been their resting-place near twelve years. But they knew they were Pilgrims, and looked not much on those things, but lifted up their eyes to heaven, their dearest country, and quieted their spirits." The spectators of that sad and mournful parting at Delfshaven, July 22, 1620, little dreamed that they were witnessing an event of supreme importance in the annals of mankind.

The story of the Pilgrim's life in the New World may be read in Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation, the original of which is preserved under glass in the State Library at Boston, Massachusetts. Thousands are strangely stirred at sight of that yellow, time-stained volume, with its moving record of the day of small things and of immense difficulties met and overcome with "answerable courages." The quiet heroism of its annals stirs one's pulses like Kipling's "Recessional." The world has wandered far in theological ways since the days of the fathers, but devout free thought is the logical outgrowth of the spiritual

legacy left us by those progressive men of forward-looking minds, who believed with all their hearts that new light and new truth were yet to break from God's Holy Word. The little candle lighted so long ago has thrown its beams across the whole earth, and vitally affected the fortunes of the human race.

New England was pre-eminently the colony of conscience. No body of men ever appreciated better the spiritual values of life. Shorn of these, existence was to them a mockery, and man but gilded loam or painted clay. Most fortunate is America in having her foundations laid by men who never doubted that God is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him. To them religion was "a great heaven-high Unquestionability, encompassing and interpenetrating the whole of life."

In crucial moments there was something peculiarly high and noble in the Pilgrim temper. Anchoring on Cape Cod Bay at the approach of winter, there was neither time nor strength for extensive explorations of a dangerous coast. Later voyages disclosed the greater fertility and promise of the Massachusetts country, but the Pilgrims consoled themselves in noble fashion when they "mett with many sadd and discomfortable things." "And although," wrote one of their friends, "it seemeth you have discovered many more rivers and fertill grounds than that where you are, yet seeing by God's providence that place fell to your lote, let it be accounted as your portion; and rather fix your eyes upon that which may be done ther, than

languish in hope after things els-where. If your place be not the best, it is better, you shall be less envied and encroached upon; and such as are earthly minded will not settle too near your border. If the land afford you bread, and the sea yield you fish, rest you awhile contented, God will one day afford you better fare. And all men shall know you are neither fugitives nor discontents. But can, if God so order it, take the worst to yourselves with content, and leave the best to your neighbors with cheerfulness." When death had reduced the little colony almost to the vanishing point, their faithful friends wrote: "In a battle it is not looked for but that divers shall die. * * * Let it not be grievous unto you that you have been instruments to break the ice for others who shall come after with less difficulty. The honor shall be yours to the world's end." In this high New England fashion did our fathers endure and overcome the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Threatened with famine, God spread for His children a table in the wilderness. Elder Brewster, who had once feasted in ambassador's palaces, sitting down to a dinner of clams and a cup of fair spring water, still offered up thanks to God who had given them "to suck of the abundance of the seas, and of treasure hid in the sand." Under life's stern discipline he had gone from strength to strength, and the grand spirit of the man only shone more brightly against the dark background of adversity. "A high aim is curative as arnica," and a noble ideal of life and its duties lifts

the daily round, the common task, into the region of the heroic. More than once the conditions were such as to wholly discourage and sink them, but "they bore their wants with cheerfulness and rested on providence." Wise men were the pilots of Plymouth Colony, and under their skillful guidance ultimate independence and prosperity were assured. No more shining examples of faith, courage and constancy are to be found in the history of civilization.

At the lowest ebb of their fortunes the Merchant Adventurers of London wrote the Pilgrims: "We are persuaded you are the people that must make a plantation and erect a city in those remote places, when all others fail and return," a confidence which was fully justified. The rise and progress of Plymouth Colony was watched with keen interest by Puritan England, and the economic success of a handful of dauntless men wrung from the hardest and most adverse conditions on that bleak Northern coast, encouraged the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony ten years later. "I am not rescuing from oblivion," writes Governor Hutchinson, "the names of heroes whose chief merit is the overthrow of cities, provinces, and empires, but the names of the founders of a flourishing town and colony, if not of the whole British empire in America. The settlement of this colony occasioned the settlement of Massachusetts Bay, which was the source of all other Colonies of New England. Virginia was in a dying state, and seemed to revive and flourish from the example of New England."

As one small candle may light a thousand, writes Governor Bradford, so the light here kindled hath shone to many, yea in some sort to our whole nation.

The economic success of Plymouth Colony was the direct cause of the further immigration of Englishmen dissatisfied with conditions in the homeland, where the prospects for political and religious liberty grew darker and darker under the misrule of the Stuart kings. "Had the Pilgrims not come, and had they not succeeded," says Roland G. Usher, "the energy of the great emigration to Massachusetts would have expended itself elsewhere and the history of the world might perhaps have been different."

Elder Brewster would naturally have been chosen the first governor of Plymouth Colony, but for the fact that in his day the ecclesiastical position was superior to the civil, and these offices were never combined in one person, which was the bar to his being governor.¹ This fact not being understood has sometimes given rise to misconceptions as to the real pre-eminence of Brewster in Plymouth Plantation. He was second to none, and had no superiors in the affairs of that little commonwealth. To the end of his days he was the governor's chief counsellor in every affair of moment.

¹Hutchinson. *History of Massachusetts*, Vol. 2.
Felt's *Ecclesiastical History*.

"Brewster was the life and stay of the plantation; but he being its ruling elder, William Bradford, its historian, was chosen Carver's successor." Bancroft: *History United States*. "From the first Brewster was the soul of Plymouth Colony." William Eliot Griffis: *The Pilgrims in Their Three Homes*. "Brewster was the very soul of the colony" Justin Winsor: *History of Duxbury*.

At seventy-five he was a principal member of the special committee which drew up a code of laws for the Colony. For this task he was peculiarly fitted by his early training, which had acquainted him with the framing of state papers as well as with the principles of true statesmanship and diplomacy.

“I serve,” might have been the truly royal motto of these Pilgrim leaders, who, without compensation for their labors, wrought unceasingly for the upbuilding of that little community in a transatlantic wilderness. The noblest motive is the public good, says Virgil, and these early lawgivers and magistrates sought no separate and selfish benefit. “A man must not expect only to live and do good to himself,” wrote the Pilgrims, “but he should see where he can live to do most good to others.” A generous public spirit has been an essential element of New England character since the days of Brewster and Bradford and Cushman and Winthrop, who enunciated the great principle of “each for all and all for each,” and with one accord deprecated “all retiredness of mind from the common good” as fatal to the higher interests of any community.

The compact signed in the cabin of the Mayflower almost three hundred years ago provided for just and equal laws and the consent of the governed. Later, a way was devised to secure practically the initiative, the referendum and the recall. Any law passed by the General Court could be repealed by the freemen of Plymouth Colony in their Court of Election. These

bulwarks of freedom were well known to our sagacious forefathers.¹

The Pilgrim Fathers were not originally socialistic or communistic in principle or purpose. Their migration to the new world was financed by the Merchant Adventurers of London, and through force of circumstances they were compelled to have their work and goods in common for a season. At the end of the first year they had demonstrated the futility of such an arrangement, and henceforth the burdens and heavy indebtedness of Plymouth Colony were borne successfully by men laboring as individuals, yet united for the common good. Until the Brook Farm experiment, two centuries later, perhaps socialistic theories have never been so thoroughly tested by men and women equally high-minded and conscientious. In both cases the conclusions arrived at were essentially the same.

The foundations of the Pilgrim Republic were laid in law and order, in liberty but not in license. Their freedom was not the freedom of evil-doers. Few men have better apprehended the perfect law of liberty. From the landing of the Pilgrims to the American Revolution, morals were based upon the doctrine of disinterested benevolence, and the duty of every man to sacrifice himself for the glory of God, the freedom of his country, and the well-being of the race. Liberty acquired by the sacrifice and sufferings of a revered ancestry was guarded under the blessing of God, as a sacred trust for posterity.¹ Fed on such meat, it is no

¹Frederick A. Noble: *The Pilgrims*,

wonder that New England grew so great. Fortunately for America that high impress has never faded away. Brewster and Bradford, Roger Williams and John Winthrop, Hooker and Eliot still stand at the cross-ways of American history, indicating with unerring finger the pathway of life, and the eternal consequences which flow from choosing life and good, or death and evil.

Poring over Pilgrim and Puritan annals, one is above all impressed with the deep earnestness and sincerity of these men. The life of early New England was based upon reality. To Be and not Seem was their being's end and aim, and that fine sincerity fell like a mantle upon their children's children. The founders of Plymouth Colony and of Massachusetts Bay were men of ideals engaged in great practical tasks. Grand results are achieved not so much by the purely practical mind as by the ideal mind trained to practical uses. It is the man with the Vision who builds on everlasting foundations.

One fine outstanding characteristic of the Pilgrims was their sturdy common sense. Few men have believed more devoutly in God and in the power of prayer, yet they labored unceasingly to bring about the desired result. Having done their utmost, they rested on Providence. Upon the recovery of Governor Bradford from a dangerous illness, with prayer and praise they recorded that, "by the help of God and the dili-

¹Bancroft: History of the United States, Vol. 4, P. 239.

gent use of means," their faithful leader had been restored to life and strength. In a darker age than our own, whatever science, or wisdom, or knowledge had taught the human race, they accepted gladly. Their minds were open to new light and new truth from whatever source it might be revealed unto them. "Nothing true in right reason and sound philosophy," said John Robinson, "is, or can be, false in divinity." It is this freedom from fanaticism, this harmonious balance of mind and character, which have made the Pilgrims justly revered as the forefathers of a great people.

From the outset friendly relations existed between the Plymouth and Virginia plantations. Returning to England in 1622, John Pory, secretary of the Virginia Colony and a man of considerable distinction, paid a visit to the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and cordial relations sprang up with Elder Brewster and Governor Bradford, men of scholarly tastes like his own. A letter written by John Pory expresses his appreciation of their kindness: "To your selfe and Mr. Brewster I must humbly acknowledge myself many ways indebted, whose books I would have you think very well bestowed, who esteems them such jewels." Then as now a love of letters is a tie that binds, and these scholars of the New World were attracted to each other as deep calleth unto deep. We further learn that Plymouth was indebted to Master John Pory when he reached England for "the credit and good that he

procured unto the plantation of Plymouth, and that amongst those of no mean rank." Other persons of distinction occasionally looked in upon the Plymouth settlers, and received a friendly welcome unchilled by sectarian prejudice. From distant Canada came Father Druilletes, a Jesuit missionary, whom that Apostolic spirit, John Eliot, besought to spend the winter with him in Roxbury, and who was entertained at Plymouth with cordial courtesy, Governor Bradford providing a fish dinner on Friday for his guest. Certainly religious bigotry was not a universal attribute of either Puritan or Pilgrim.

In the conduct of life the Pilgrims set high examples of courtesy and gentleness. Their hospitality to friend and foe, and their noble generosity to poverty-stricken and oftentimes unworthy persons, would have done honor to a Red Cross Knight.

The Pilgrims were neither bigots nor persecutors. They neither intended nor expected to establish religious or ecclesiastical uniformity. In 1624 Bradford states that "they were willing and desirous that any honest men may live with them, that will carry themselves peaceably and seek the common good." He adds that many who were not members of the Plymouth Church will "not live elsewhere so long as they may live with us."¹ In 1645 a majority of the House of Delegates favored an act to allow and maintain full and free toleration to all men that would

¹Leonard Bacon : *Genesis of the New England Churches*, P. 412.

preserve the civil peace and submit unto government; and there was no limitation nor exception against Turk, Jew, Papist, Arian, Socinian, Nicolaitan, Familist, or any other, but it was stifled by a few who were not yet able to follow the elect souls into untrodden pathways of spiritual truth.

The work of Christianizing the Indians occupied a large place in the thoughts of the founders of New England. Besides the personal motives for emigrating to America, the Pilgrims had the genuine missionary spirit. Looking not alone upon their own things, but upon the things of others, they cherished "a great hope and inward zeal of advancing the kingdom of Christ" beyond the Atlantic. Devoted men in the Plymouth and Bay Colonies spent their lives in the effort to bring the red men of the forest into the glorious liberty of the children of God. It was a logical sequence that the American Board of Foreign Missions should have had its birth in Massachusetts two centuries later, and its work is now known to the ends of the earth.

To the wild shore of New England our fathers brought the habits and tastes of cultivated men born and bred in the spacious Elizabethan era. The abundant life does not consist in the multitude of material possessions, and in all that truly dignifies human existence our fathers in the wilderness were as wise as we. As classical scholars they have no rival in modern times. "We are apt to wonder," writes James Russell

Lowell, "at the scholarship of the men of three centuries ago, and a certain dignity of phrase that characterized them. They were scholars because they did not read so many things as we. They had fewer books, but these were of the best. Their speech was noble because they lunched with Plutarch and supped with Plato." In mind, in character, and in the conduct of life, they sought Quality, rather than Quantity, and the multiplication of riches.

To an ever-growing mind like Elder Brewster's, books were as indispensable as meat and drink. In his precious colonial library Bacon's "Advancement of Learning" had a place, and likewise the 'Apolygye,' in which the great writer and statesman, fallen from his high estate, commended himself to the merciful judgment of future generations. Among the priceless relics of Pilgrim Hall at Plymouth is an ancient, time-worn volume of Seneca's Works, printed in 1614, which once belonged to Elder Brewster, and upon which one gazes with reverence, thinking what a treasure it must have been to its scholarly owner. Did his heart burn within him as he read that "Even from a corner it is possible to spring up into heaven; rise, therefore, and form thyself into a fashion worthy of God; thou canst not do this with silver and gold; an image like unto God cannot be formed out of such materials as these." Such thoughts must have been like a fountain of life to the Pilgrim scholar in his poor cottage in the wilderness. Reading these books is like opening a window into the inmost minds of our ances-

tors. We realize what courage and high consolation must have streamed into their souls from the constant perusal of noble books. On that lonely outpost of civilization his choice little library of three hundred volumes was a godsend to the Elder and his friends. The quaint old books, many of them in Latin, look dry enough to us, but those volumes were indeed a treasury of remedies for the soul. What lover of books but sympathizes with the old New England scholars, some of whom dreaded to die most of all because they would never again enter the room of their books which had given them such delight.¹

Absorbed for generations in the hardest of material tasks—the task of subduing a continent—and beset by foes without and foes within, none the less New England maintained its high standard of education and moral excellence, developing as its chief asset successive generations of men and women capable of the noblest and most disinterested patriotism, and famous, as the years rolled by, in history, poetry, philosophy, oratory, theology, education, and in every field of human endeavor.

New England, like Old England, has never separated intellect from character. From the beginning religion and education walked hand in hand. With all their love of learning, Brewster and Bradford would have scouted any system of education which developed the intellect, leaving the heart and the soul untaught

¹Sydney George Fisher: "Men, Women and Manners in Colonial Times," Vol. 1, P. 130.

and undisciplined. Character plus education was their ideal, but above all Character. Knowledge and true godliness were to our fathers what the Urim and the Thummim were to the priestly sons of Aaron. In light and perfection lay the whole meaning of man's destiny here below. The monument towering over Plymouth is a fitting symbol of the Pilgrims—Faith pointing heavenward, and buttressed by Religion, Education, Morality, and Freedom. On granite foundations they reared their little commonwealth, and the centuries have demonstrated the wisdom of their thought. The ethics of the fathers have not failed to leave their impress upon every generation since the Mayflower and the Arbella dropped anchor on the New England shore.

Finding the place too straight for their increasing activities, some of the most eminent of the Pilgrims at length sought land outside of Plymouth. Captain's Hill, at Duxbury, still marks the homestead of Miles Standish, and on the high monument the figure of the heroic Captain stands like a sentinel keeping watch and ward. Not far away dwelt Elder Brewster, his land adjoining that of Miles Standish on the lovely Duxbury shore. The Miles Standish Hotel and its famous spring of water are on Brewster's land. Half a mile distant is that sacred spot, "the Nook," forever hallowed as the home of the venerated Elder of the Mayflower. His place was known as Eagle's Nest, from the ocean eagle making its nest in a tall clump of whitewood trees which stood until early in the nine-

teenth century near the Nook point on the homestead at Duxbury, and were known as the "Brewster trees." According to tradition it was here that Elder Brewster planted the first apple tree in New England. By the time of the Revolution the original trees had disappeared, but another of large size had grown up from its roots, and was called the "Brewster tree."¹

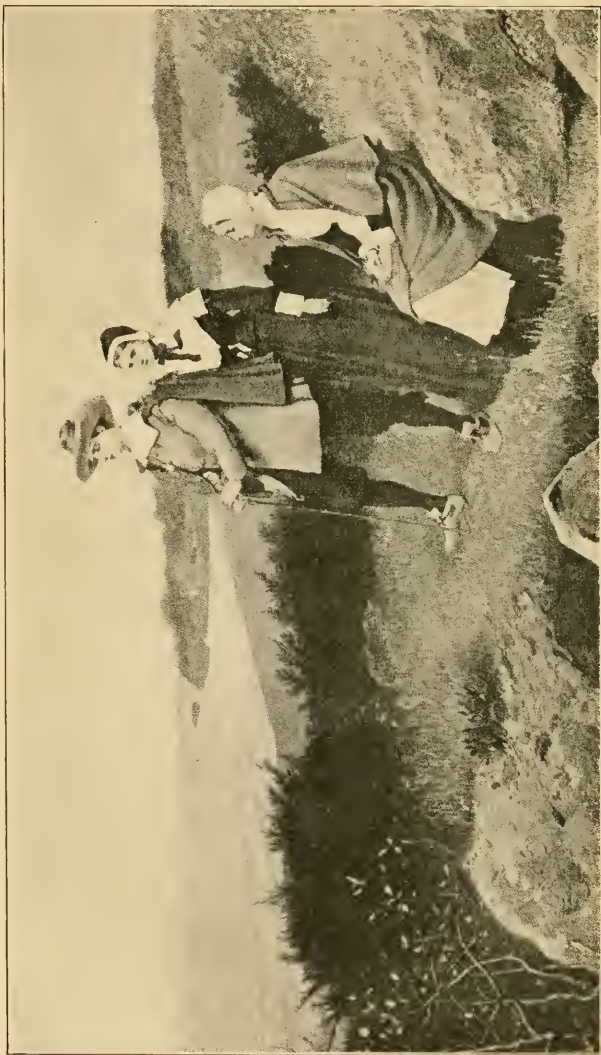
Life abounds in strange contrasts, and none more striking than that which is presented between the rude colonial dwelling and the palaces familiar to Elder Brewster's youth and early manhood. The inventories still extant give a fair idea of household furnishings in the olden time. Those of Elder Brewster and Governor Winthrop were of almost identical value and represented a reasonable degree of comfort, home-like yet simple and primitive, and wholly unlike our modern luxurious abodes. Perchance if we could visit the earthly habitations of Aristides the Just and Phocian, of Cato and Paulus Æmilius, we should be surprised at the simplicity and bareness of their dwellings. Is it indeed true that men in pursuit of greatness feel no little wants?

Recognizing the great principles of even-handed justice and the equality of all men before the law, the founders of New England were yet men of the Elizabethan era, and held with Shakespeare that

"Clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whose dust is both alike."

Democracy in the modern sense was yet unborn. The

¹Justin Winsor: History of Duxbury.



PILGRIM EXILE

PAINTED BY BOUGHTON

founders of New Plymouth and Virginia, and later of Massachusetts Bay, like the liberal thinkers and statesmen of England, held aristo-democratic views of society and government. Pilgrim and Puritan leaders desired only "the Best" as sharers in their enterprise, and early Massachusetts was a mixture of aristocracy and democracy, but their valuations were based upon something infinitely higher than silver and gold. Moral and spiritual fitness was the supreme test of every man, and none might presume to wear an "undeserved dignity."

During the Pilgrims' life in Holland, sorrow and want, those stern levelers of all human distinctions, fostered the democratic tendencies which were one day to germinate in the virgin soil of New England. The hearts of the Pilgrims were knit together in bonds of which they made great conscience, and held themselves "straitly tied to all care of each other, and of the whole by every one and so mutually." A noble democracy, born in the cabin of the Mayflower, has been New England's greatest asset, and in democracy lies the hope of the world.

With a sympathy as wide as sorrow, Elder Brewster retained some of the predilections to which he had been bred. "He was tender-hearted and compassionate to all such as were in misery, but especially of such as had been of good estate and rank, and had fallen into want and poverty, either for goodness or religion's sake, or by the injury and oppression of others. He would say, of all men these deserved to be

most pitied, and none did more offend and displease him, than such as would haughtily and proudly carry and lift themselves, being risen from nothing, and having little else in them but a few fine clothes or a little riches more than others."¹ Mere wealth and rank had no power to command his homage, and his eye was keen to discern intrinsic worth in the humblest person. Never since the foundation of the world has the aristocracy of character met with such instant recognition and honor as in early New England. Personal integrity, personal character coupled with high educational ideals, were keys that unlocked every door.

In the finest sense of the word a gentleman, both in the Old World and in the New, Elder Brewster's was an aristocratic mind in that the noblest things were native to him. His was a natural affinity for the Best of the earth, drawn to it by an attraction as irresistible as the law of gravitation. Knowledge and wisdom and true godliness dwelt at his hearthstone as his familiar friends. In all the crises of life and death he took counsel with the noblest that had been known or done in the world. In storm and sunshine, in king's palaces or leading a forlorn hope in an unbroken wilderness, his was the high heart, the unconquerable mind. He was still the Captain of his soul.

One of the most distinguished of the Mayflower Company, Elder Brewster had been a spectator and an actor in great affairs. With his "singular good gift of speech," what tales the old-time courtier must have

¹Bradford: Memoir of Elder Brewster.

told before the great fireplace on winter nights; of the court of Queen Elizabeth and the embassy to Holland with Davison; the execution of Mary Queen of Scots and the coming of the Spanish Armada, when Catholics and Protestants, remembering only that they were Englishmen, stood shoulder to shoulder at the muster of Tilbury. Or did he speak with bated breath of that fatal October morning when with silent and awe-stricken multitudes he stood in Palace Yard and saw Sir Walter Raleigh, the bravest of the brave, pass on his way to dusty death? Brewster was in London at this time, and it is not unlikely he may have witnessed the tragedy which so deeply stirred true English hearts. There was no lack of great themes to stimulate fine talk at New England firesides. News of events vital to the race drifted overseas. Of absorbing interest was the Thirty Years' war and the wonderful career of Gustavus Adolphus, champion of freedom, who died that others might live. The names of Sir John Eliot and Pym and Hampden were known and honored in early New England. Rich in great memories, the colonial fireside was by no means a dull and uninteresting place. Whatever our forebears may have lacked in material conveniences and luxuries they were not wanting in fine society and cultivated associations. The tale of Othello's adventures was not more thrilling than the story of the heroic beginnings of New England.

It is a mistake to presume that our Pilgrim and Puritan fathers were in any sense stolid and unimag-

inative persons. None the less because they named it religion was their eye fixed on the Ideal, though the beauty they sought was moral and spiritual rather than material and sensuous. Dante's *Divine Comedy*, the epic of Catholicism, and Milton's *Paradise Lost*, the epic of Puritanism, were born of the highest imagination quite as much as Virgil's *Æneid* or Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*. The Bible, from which our fathers drank as from a living spring, contains not ethical precepts alone, but history and poetry and philosophy expressed in language of singular beauty and power. Today it is an essential element in a liberal education. No other volume of the world's literature has exercised so potent an influence on the life of man, or inspired such hope in the ultimate moral and spiritual perfectibility of the human race.

The old Pilgrim and Puritan spirit, mellowed and enriched by manifold experiences, revealed itself anew in Emerson and Channing, in Lowell and Whittier, while in the fullness of time Elder Brewster's love of letters and gracious scholarship flowered afresh in his descendant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Alive to gentle influences, the associations of Elder Brewster's life had fostered in him

"High thoughts, and amiable words,
And courtesy, and love of truth,
And all that makes a man."

No grim and iron-clad Puritan was he—"Sweet Brewster" his contemporaries called him, because of his rare personal charm and the daily beauty in his

life which drew the hearts of all men to him. His high character and gracious personality won him the love of those without, as well as of those within his own particular fold. Those fine lines of the poet on Sir Philip Sidney might have been written for Elder Brewster, who embodied in his life the highest elements of knighthood and pure nobleness, as well as for the knightly soul they celebrate:

“A sweet, attractive kind of grace;
A full assurance given by looks;
Continual comfort in a face,
The lineaments of Gospel books.”

In the darkest hours of Plymouth history he cared for the sick, and buried the dead, and comforted them that mourned. “Gentle in his manliness, manly in his gentleness,” his was the fineness of tempered steel, and his goodness had some edge to it. Truly, his gentleness had made him great.

Whatever harshness and severity may have crept into later generations, the genuine Pilgrim spirit was full of courtesy and gentleness, of high thoughts and aspirations, and it led far away from frivolity and worldliness to the things of the mind and the things of the soul. Richer than stocks and bonds, or any material possession whatsoever, is that fine inheritance with its clear outlook on the things which are eternal.

In the absence of a regular pastor, Elder Brewster preached twice every Sunday, “both powerfully and profitably, to the great contentment of his hearers, and their comfortable edification.” His eloquent

speech is a matter of history, and Bradford tells us that he turned many to righteousness, "doing more in their behalf in a year, than many that have their hundreds a year do in all their lives."¹

No authentic likeness of Elder Brewster has come down to us, but one involuntarily thinks of the Worshipful Elder of the Pilgrims as a man of fine presence and courtly bearing, of pleasant speech and of a very cheerful spirit, yet tinctured with the high seriousness of one who has lived face to face with eternal verities. If it be true that

"Soul is form, and doth the body make,"

then the dignity of a high purpose and years of noble living must inevitably have left their impress upon his features in letters of light.

Sorrow had not spared the venerated Elder. One by one his loved ones had been gathered into the garner, leaving him alone in his pilgrimage. The Elder's wife, once the lady of Scrooby Manor, then the devoted Pilgrim wife and mother, "dyed at Plimoth in New England the 17th of Aprill, 1627," worn out with the hardships of life in the wilderness. In that period of frequent marriages when one wife literally trod upon another's heels, it is a satisfaction to note that this gentle lady had no successor in her husband's heart and home. It was in harmony with Elder Brewster's finely tempered spirit that having loved his own, he loved them unto the end. That strong and faithful heart craved no substitutes—

¹Bradford's History of Plymouth Plantation.

"But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell."

Two daughters, Faith Allerton and Prudence, wife of Governor Prince, died in the bloom of their womanhood, a loss which must have wrung the father's heart, but nothing could shake the Elder's trust in the Divine Goodness. The storms which darkened his earthly habitation only drew him closer to the great Father of Lights. Cast down but not destroyed, it was not his nature to rest in gloom and negations, and ere long he took up the burden of life again with that cheerfulness and serenity of soul which made him a tower of strength, as well as a son of consolation, to those about him. The remaining years of life were spent in the household of his son, Love Brewster, whose wife was a daughter of Mr. William Collier, "the wealthiest man in Plymouth Colony and a liberal benefactor of the same." The homestead at Duxbury, with its graciously hospitable atmosphere, must have been a delightful place to tarry in. Most revered of all was scholarly Elder Brewster, "so cheerful, sociable, and pleasant," and whose mind was richly stored with soul-stirring memories of the life beyond the sea.

Under the fostering care of his glorious grandfather grew up the little motherless boy, the Major Isaac Allerton of later years, whose daughter in due season wedded a son of that fine old cavalier, Colonel Richard Lee, thus uniting the first families of Virginia and

Plymouth Rock.¹ From this union sprang Zachary Taylor, the hero of Buena Vista and the President of the United States. To those who believe in heredity and that a man is the sum total of all his ancestors, it is interesting to trace in the character of General Taylor the widely varying qualities of mind and heart which resulted in his unique and striking personality. The rare union of strength and gentleness, the simplicity and godly sincerity so native to him, together with the power to inspire others, might have come to him as a direct spiritual inheritance from the noble old Elder of Plymouth; while his resourceful abilities as a man of war are plainly traceable to the Lees of Virginia, who, in every generation since the coming of the Cavalier, have produced men of unusual military genius. Other descendants of Elder Brewster have been known in the gates, as the genial and gentle author, Donald G. Mitchell, the Right Rev. Bishop Brewster of Connecticut, Benjamin Harris Brewster, Attorney General of the United States in 1881, and Richmond Pearson Hobson, the hero of the Merrimac in the Spanish-American War.

In spite of the many troubles and hardships he had passed through, Elder Brewster retained his health and faculties unimpaired until the sands of life had all run out. His was a beautiful old age, as serene and bright as an October day. Like the wise man of Seneca he had carried a divine mind through all the accidents

¹"Many of the greatest families in the South proudly trace their origin back to the blood and loins of the Pilgrim Fathers."—*Henry Watterson*.

of human life. The shadows were closing about him, but in his inmost spirit all was light. To the noble old Pilgrim this world had ever been an inn to sojourn in, rather than a place of habitation. Sweetly, tranquilly, he prepared to depart. Until the last day he did not wholly keep his bed, and almost to the end he essayed to comfort those about him. Like the sun which sinks below the Western horizon leaving a pathway of light across great waters, Elder Brewster "sweetly departed this life unto a better," April 10, 1644.

With the passing of the reverend Elder of the Pilgrims, the record of Governor Bradford passes off, says the historian Palfrey, "into what is not so much a delineation of Brewster's character as a thanksgiving to God, who, for the joy of all who knew him, and the good of all whom he could serve, made him so brave and gentle, so faithful and generous, so frank and sympathizing, so 'peaceable, sociable, and pleasant,' so wise, modest, devout, and useful; and it comes to a fit close with discourse on the high tendencies by which strength is unfolded from infirmity, and trouble blossoms into joy.

"Brewster had retired from courts before he became known to the associates of his later eventful years. When Brewster died, William Bradford was fifty-three years old. The boy walking on Sundays along an English hedge-row path to seek unlicensed edification at the lips of Robinson and Clifton, had first looked on Brewster with the veneration which a neophyte feels for the veteran who may soon be a mar-

tyr. Then in a company of men and women, devoted like themselves, they had passed over the sea, through and towards many sufferings, and for ten years had earned a hard livelihood by unaccustomed labor. Next coming to this 'outside of the world,' they had survived cold, famine, and a pestilence which through three months had employed them in nursing and burying as many of their associates as it left alive. With others worthy of confidence and esteem, they had given their harmonious direction to the common counsels—themselves the most trusted and revered of all—and had lived to see the issue of their generous cares in the establishment of an humble but prosperous commonwealth. All that had happened between the first meeting at Scrooby Manor and the present hour, all the long past scenes through which the writer and the departed had walked hand in hand, must have risen to the mind of Governor Bradford, who from laying in the earth the form longer familiar to his eyes than any they could ever look upon again, turned back to duties thenceforth to be fulfilled with less experienced companionship."¹

To Plymouth Colony, inured to sorrow, it was the sorest loss that had hitherto befallen them, while to Bradford, no longer young, this world must henceforth have seemed a lonelier place. Governor Bradford was a man after Elder Brewster's own heart, and the friendship so happily begun amidst the smiling fields

¹John G. Palfrey. *History of New England*, Vol. 1, P. 598, Edition 1876.

and hedgerows of Old England had been a mutual solace and support through years of arduous toil and difficulty. It was a far cry from Scrooby Manor to Eagle's Nest on the bleak New England shore, and when the beloved Elder answered the summons to come up higher Governor Bradford must have felt that something vital was severed from his life. It was in the evening of his days, following the death of Brewster, that Bradford wrote his priceless history, and this tale of long-past years is as absorbing in its interest as that of Æneas and his wanderings. It is a possession forever to the American people, the Genesis and Exodus of our national history.

Twice-blessed is the nation that has such men as Elder Brewster and Governor Bradford standing at the portals of its history. One might almost fancy that, in a changed world and under widely varying conditions, the spirit of good King Alfred and of Bæda, the first great English scholar, with their passionate zeal for knowledge and true godliness, had descended visibly upon early New England. Bæda's consecration to truth was not more absolute than that of the Pilgrim leaders, while the history of Plymouth Plantation is a grander record than the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle. Like King Alfred of shining memory, Brewster and Bradford, so long as they lived, endeavored to live worthily, and to leave to the men who came after a remembrance of them in good works.

“The spirit that guided Elder Brewster through the vicissitudes of life remained with him until his

closing hours; the content which had made him accept whatever came to him was his rest in the Almighty's will. * * * Brewster died as simply and grandly as he had lived; with the Apostolic benediction on his lips, the last they knew of life, and the rest was silence until the end, and then the transfiguration, which made him grander in death than even he was in the life he had lived for humanity in America and for his God." Gentleman, Scholar, Christian, his name shines like a star among the pioneers of America. Chief among the benefactors of mankind, Lord Bacon ranks the founders of states and commonwealths. A recognized historic founder of Plymouth Plantation, the Elder of the Mayflower stands for all time a noble and impressive figure in the foreground of American history.

Despite the limitations of their age and creed, nobler and more august figures are not to be found in any nation's history, whether ancient or modern, than those of the mighty fathers of this favored land. Most fortunate in our origin and institutions, the future of America depends upon its fidelity to the great principles and ideals which guided our fathers in their difficult and dangerous pathway.

The Age of the Pilgrims has been justly styled the heroic period of our history. On that lonely outpost of civilization our fathers made the supreme sacrifice, and demonstrated their right to lead "the forlorn hopes of all great causes till time shall be no more." Three hundred years had passed away, when another

heroic period dawned upon the world, freighted with infinite consequences to mankind. Once more the Gray Champion walked his rounds in the Old Bay State, type of the hereditary spirit of New England, and the pledge that America's soldiers of liberty would vindicate their ancestry on blood-drenched fields, in the fiercest struggle for human freedom that has ever been waged upon this earth. From out the dust of three hundred years the Spirit of the Pilgrims arose like a flame upon an altar, renewing and consecrating afresh the Soul of America to high deeds in the service of mankind.

The return of the Mayflower in 1917, like the coming of the Mayflower in 1620, was a turning-point in the World's history. Chateau Thierry and St. Mihiel and the Argonne were as vital to the destinies of mankind as Marathon and Tours and the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Born of the stanch Mayflower breed, the sons of the Pilgrims and those adopted sons of whatever name or race who, in heart and spirit have entered into the Pilgrim inheritance, were not men to turn back in the days of battle. In the Valley of Decision, like their great forefathers, they were "first in all adventures and forwardest in any."

"The waves that beat on Plymouth Rock
Bore men who would be free,
Stern scions of an ancient stock
Who loved democracy.
They brought the Bible and the sword,
And manful faith beside;
Here built they temples to the Lord
That freemen sanctified.

* * *

"Then did the tides from Plymouth Rock,
From all our sweeping coasts,
Bear men to brave the battle's shock,
To fight with Freedom's hosts.
The seas that brought the fathers here
Called back the sons again,
To rid the world of doubt and fear
And make it free for men."

Compared with these achievements, the glory of Alexander and Cæsar were but as the brightness of a comet, but the glory of the Pilgrim Fathers, and of their martyred sons, is like the glory of the stars that shine forever and ever.

OUR PILGRIM MOTHERS



PILGRIM LOVERS

OUR PILGRIM MOTHERS.

"Though rude the air, and chill

With melting snow, and winds are blowing keen,
The pink arbutus still
Steps bravely out, hooded in brown and green.

"From blast and frost and ice,

She gathers strength, with craft both wise and sweet;
She stores her hoards of spice;
In poverty, rounds out a life complete.

"Here on New England's hills

Dwell Mayflower maidens brave and fair and good,
Whose sturdy sweetness fills
Each lonely home, as these perfume the wood.

"Sweet-vested Pilgrim flower,

Daughter of sun and snow, and peace and wrath,
Give to our girls for dower
Such strength and sweetness as the mayflower hath."

Poring over the records of years long past, we long to know more concerning our forebears. What manner of persons were they, what were they like in their daily walk and conversation? As Cuvier from a bone or a scale reconstructed the organism to which it had once belonged, so, aided by the imagination and a hint gleaned here and there from the musty records of by-gone years, we are able in some mea-

sure to breathe the breath of life into the men and women of centuries past, and to understand somewhat the mental and spiritual characteristics of our ancestors.

Of choice metal were these Pilgrim and Puritan women who followed with deathless loyalty the fortunes of their husbands, and the evidence is indisputable that they were fitting help-mates for high-souled men. The mothers of New England were spiritually akin to the noble Spanish lady, who said to her husband as he was preparing to depart to the unknown coasts of the new world. "Whithersoever your destiny shall drive you, either by the furious waves of the great ocean, or by the manifold and horrible dangers of the land, I will surely bear you company. There can be no peril chance to me so terrible, nor any kind of death so cruel, that shall not be much easier for me to abide than to live so far separate from you."

In the fierce fire of soul-searching experiences the sweet words of Ruth to Naomi must often have been on their lips and in their hearts. Not alone in the Mayflower, but in every ship that bore New England colonists oversea

"There was wóman's fearless eye
Lit by her deep love's truth."

Under the Puritan garb beat hearts as true and tender as those of Penelope and Alcestis, or any other woman in song or story. Now and then across the centuries we catch glimpses of the beautiful wo-

manhood in Katherine Carver or Margaret Winthrop, and it would be gratifying to know more concerning the beloved and only wife of Elder Brewster, the gracious lady whose married life began in Serooby Manor and ended on the bleak shores of New England. The picture which Arlo Bates has drawn of a true New England woman undoubtedly portrays the spiritual characteristics of that devoted gentlewoman who shared the fortunes of the famous Elder of Plymouth. Mistress Mary Brewster was the prototype of the saintly women that the spirit of Puritanism bred in early New England—a type which under changed conditions and varying circumstances was instinct with the courage and supreme devotion of St. Theresa or Frances de Chantal—

“Such women are the living embodiment of the power which has inspired whatever is best in the nation; the power which has been a living force amid the worldliness, the materialism, the crudity, that have threatened to overwhelm the people of this yet young land, so prematurely old. In such faces was a look of high unworldliness that marks the mystic, the inheritance from ancestors bred in a faith impossible without mysticism in the very fibres of the race. The heroic self-denial, the persistent belief, the noble fidelity to the ideal which is the salvation of a nation, shine in such a countenance, and make real the high deeds of a past generation, the narrowness of whose creeds too often blinds us today to the greatness of their character.”

Beautiful stories of old time loves and lovers have drifted down to us, among them one of Governor Carver and his wife, Katherine, and of their last days in the wilds of New England. After giving due praise to the fine, manly character of the Governor, the old record briefly states that "His wife, who was also a gracious woman, lived not six weeks after him; she being overcome with excessive grief for the loss of so gracious a husband, likewise died." A whole volume of poetry and romance is wrapped up in these simple lines. How infinitely touching are some of these old records with their brief stories of devotion and self-sacrifice! They honor human nature.

The quaint old love letters of Governor Winthrop show how large a niche love occupied in the lives of our serious old Puritan forefathers and foremothers. Under their somber garb hearts throbbed and thrilled with the tenderest human affections. Perhaps indeed, it was this earnest, serious element in them which made their loves and beliefs strike such deep root. These records of bygone times are like some sweet, old-fashioned garden full of myrtle and Star of Bethlehem and Life-Everlasting.

It does not require a great age of steam and invention and material progress to develop the highest products of human nature. The divine instincts of the soul burst into immortal bloom and beauty in the dreariest place, under the hardest and most adverse conditions, like the little flower that sprang up

between the chinks of the stone pavement in the Count de Charney's prison.

From the earliest days New England has been prolific in women of a singularly high type of mind and character. Fine mentally and spiritually, those Puritan women were liberally endowed with that fine intelligence which is the birthright of the New Englander in every generation. "Gentle, pure-minded, high-souled, they drew in with their first breath that spiritual ozone, which makes itself felt like an electric force in the best types of all those hardy people dwelling along the shores of the historic Bay." Women and men alike were content to act well their parts and leave the result to God. The piety of our foremothers was no leaf of faded green pressed between the pages of the Geneva Bible or Ainsworth's Psalm Book, but a plant of perennial bloom, shedding its fragrance alike amid the heats of summer and the snows of winter.

The zeal for education burned brightly in the hearts of New England women, and it was a colonial mother who said to her little son, "Child, if God make of thee a good Christian and a good scholar thou hast all thy mother ever asked for thee." A past mistress in home economics, the true New England woman was not content to live by bread alone. In the laborious days of pioneer life in the wilderness, material drudgery unredeemed by spiritual values was far removed from her idea of the dignity of life. Mental and spiritual sustenance was vitally

necessary, and in all that constitutes the life of the spirit our foremothers were as wise as we.

The social and family life of Pilgrim and Puritan was a life of action rooted and grounded in the life of thought. Great themes were pondered at colonial firesides. Nowhere, in any age of the world, have conscience and the keenest intellectuality been more equally yoked together. The common tasks and homely duties of the work-a-day world were performed under the quickening influence of the highest thought; and this ceaseless meditation on the deep things of religion and of human society produced that New England type of mind, which Ezra Hoyt Byington says is still as distinct in the great stream of American life as the Gulf Stream in the Atlantic. Wonderful men and women have come forth from that little rugged, rocky land, dedicated to high things from the beginning of its history, with great traditions forever pointing upward.

In intrinsic value, the social life of our foremothers was not inferior to our own. We have gained in extent and variety of amusements, but we have lost much in the passing of the simple yet genial and gracious hospitality of the olden time. The old New England teas of past generations, refined and dainty, linger in the memory like the fragrance of dried lavender and wild roses. Fancy loves to dwell upon the fine, old-fashioned hospitality which added zest to the lives of the Bradfords and Brewsters and Winslows, of the Princes and Southworths and Stan-

dishes, true Brahmins all, and representing the best social element of the Old Colony.

The finely touched spirits of our foremothers had their fine issues in home-loving and home-keeping. Those nations are said to be most fortunate which have no history; and perhaps those women are happiest whose annals are made up of

“A little loving life of sweet small works.”

To be the true wife of a true man, to have her husband known in the gates, and her sons and daughters rise up and call her blessed, is career enough for any woman. There has been no new dignity given woman in the present that they did not possess in the old colonial day. The virtues of the spindle half were no small asset in the household life of the olden time. The Portia of Brutus, Cato's daughter, was not a nobler helpmate than these colonial wives and mothers, who made

“The humble house and the modest apparel of homespun,
Beautiful with their beauty, and rich with the wealth
of their being.”

Abigail, that woman of “good understanding and of a beautiful countenance,” was the prototype of many a New England wife and mother. Keenly alive to the higher values of human existence, never were women better fitted to become the mothers of men than in the Colonial and Revolutionary days. The spirit which flamed high in Abigail Adams and Mercy Warren was a direct legacy from the women of the Mayflower and the Arbella. Inspired from on high

to choose the great deed and word, the foremothers of America, in true dignity and nobility of character and purpose, set an example to posterity which the modern woman with all her advantages and opportunities cannot hope to surpass. In all that pertains to the higher womanhood and the life of the spirit she can but follow after.

PURITANISM
And It's Work In America



PURITANISM AND ITS WORK IN AMERICA

For a long period there existed in many minds a tendency to relegate to limbo the Puritan and his ways, but no nation which deserves to rank high in the scale of civilization can permanently ignore the deeds and characters of its founders. The American people are coming to look back with ever increasing interest to the beginnings of their history, and to feel a just pride in their spiritual and political ancestry. It is said that most great nations have been mixed nations, and that in every case some one element has had power to take the heterogeneous material and mould it into its own likeness. America is a mixed nation, and Puritanism is the force which has shaped its destinies.

The influences which have contributed most to shape the world's history have usually had small beginnings. Very humble and insignificant the early christians must have looked to the great ones of the earth, yet they built up a dominion which outlived Caesar, and still rules the consciences of men. It was simply to raise supplies for the crown with greater facility that Edward the First made the attendance of the sturdy English burgesses a permanent

feature of parliament, little dreaming what a mighty political structure future generations would rear on the foundation he unwittingly laid. The rise of the Saracen power, which menaced every throne in Europe, began when the camel driver of Mecca unfolded to a small circle of his kinsmen his belief in his new mission as the prophet of Allah.

None but a person of prophetic vision could have divined that the small body of exiles, who fled from the persecutions of Bloody Mary, carried in their midst the ark of English liberty. Yet so it was. During their residence in Frankfort and Geneva the Puritan movement began to gather a force and momentum which in England, a century later, was to sweep away as with a flood the last lingering remnants of kingly tyranny and mediaeval superstition. Growing in strength throughout the reign of Elizabeth, Puritanism culminated in the time of the Stuarts. Henceforth, while ceasing to be the most prominent factor in national affairs, it became one of those silent, invisible influences which from that day to this have moulded the life and thought of English speaking peoples. Wherever it appeared, whether in the old world or in the new, Puritanism was a life giving spirit, and activity, thrift, freedom and intelligence followed in its train.

In studying the chemistry of the Puritan spirit, we are struck with the predominance of certain great elements. The first of these is sincerity. It would have been impossible for any true Puritan to be a

time server or a Mr. Facing-Both Ways. He meant what he said, and he said what he meant. The Puritan was no blind votary of any sect or party. He was pre-eminently a thinking being, and in all things, great and small, diligently examined every claim made upon his obedience by the powers that be, and accepted or rejected the claim as it accorded or not with the law of God. He utterly scouted the doctrine that whatever is, is right, and that God is on the side of the strongest battalions. His idea of political and religious responsibility was such that it constrained him not to "stand in," but to stand out, when wrong and wickedness were rife in high places—an element which is much needed in American politics in this day of professional politicians, whose aims are not their country's, nor God's, nor truth's.

The Puritan had the courage of his convictions. Once assured that he was in line with God's plans and purposes he did not fear what man could do unto him. When duty led the way the Puritan onset was like the charge of the Light Brigade:

"Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs but to do and die."

If they lived, they lived unto the Lord; if they died, they died unto the Lord. The most practical and sagacious of mortals when dealing with the affairs of this work-a-day world, the Puritan was none the less emphatically an idealist. As a sunbeam touches at the same time the earth and the sun, so he, while firmly grasping things temporal, yet walked

hourly in the presence of the unseen and eternal. He journeyed in its light, and labored in its hope. Another striking characteristic of the Puritan was his profound respect for man as man. In an age of overpowering, social distinctions, he it was who taught the down-trodden peasant and drudge to look into the face of kings and not tremble. A century ago Burns declared that

“The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man’s the gowd for a’ that,”

but the Puritan discovered and announced it long before. The Puritan cherished a mighty belief in God and his righteousness. He could not believe that the power which upholds this world would ever faint or fail until it had brought forth judgment unto victory.

The defects of the Puritan spirit were a disregard for the minor graces and elegancies of life, and a lack of sympathy with minds differently constituted from its own. But lately emerged from the darkness of the mediæval time it is not surprising if the Puritan sometimes stumbled and fell short of his own high ideals. The narrowness which is laid to his charge is but as a spot on the sun, or as the early mists which obscure for a moment the dawn of a glorious morning. His errors and deficiencies were inseparable from the age in which he lived; his virtues were all his own. The depth, the earnestness, the sincerity of the Anglo-Saxon mind found its full expression in Puritanism.

Though not existing as an organized body until the close of the sixteenth century, the Puritan spirit is confined to no land or clime, but takes root and flourishes wherever a human soul aspires to be "noble clay plastic under the almighty effort." Joseph was a Puritan, and Daniel no less so. The noblest of the stoic philosophers were Puritans inasmuch as their hearts were set on virtue. That alone was their being's end and aim. Whatever might be their portion, whether wealth or poverty, joy or sorrow, it mattered not, for their true life soared aloft untouched and unharmed by the storms of this lower world. The noble Simon De Montfort, who "stood like a pillar," unshaken by promise or threat or fear of death, resolute only to do the right as God gave him to see it, was a Puritan of the most exalted type.

This evergreen plant, which defies all climate and all time, burst at last into immortal bloom on the rock-bound shores of New England. Among the world's events, few have been fraught with higher import to the race than the landing of that forlorn little band of pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, December 21, 1620. Other colonies, as Carlyle says, helped to form the body of America, but here was the soul to animate it. In the Pilgrim character we behold as in a glass the highest elements of the Puritan spirit with but little of its dross. With many sweet and gentle virtues their souls were cast in that heroic mould which is ready to dare all and endure all for the sake

of its highest convictions. The Pilgrims were Puritans, but Puritans broadened, elevated, and ennobled by the most varied experiences of life. During their residence in Holland, sorrow and want, those stern levelers of all human distinctions, fostered the democratic tendencies which were one day to germinate in the virgin soil of New England. Living for years among peoples of widely differing faiths, they learned a wider toleration than it was given their brethren, the English Puritans, to know. In religion, as in politics, the watchword of the Pilgrim was Progress. On the eve of their departure for the new world their reverend pastor, Rev. John Robinson, admonished them that God had not yet revealed his whole will unto them, but that new light and new truth would still break forth from His holy word—memorable words which a modern writer declares are worthy to take rank with Washington's farewell address, or Lincoln's immortal utterances at Gettysburg. It was the steadfast purpose of this devoted band "to walk in all the ways which God had made known or should make known unto them," and to uphold and defend the great principles of civil and religious liberty, whatsoever it should cost them.

"The Greek," says James Russell Lowell, "may boast of his Thermopylae, but we may well be proud of our Plymouth Rock, where a handful of men, women and children not merely faced but vanquished the winter, the wilderness, disease and famine, and the still more invincible homesickness, which drew

them back to the green island far away. They found no lotus growing on the surly shore, the taste of which could make them forget their little native Ithica, nor were they so wanting to themselves in faith as to burn their ships, but saw the fair west wind belly the homeward sail, and then turned unrepining to grapple with the terrible Unknown."

Plymouth Rock has been the scene of many a trial and the fulfillment of many a high resolve. It was here that a government, based on the consent of the governed, was first established on the American continent. "No people had so fully appreciated the rights of each member of the state and the inherent dignity of manhood, or entertained such cheering hopes of human improvement." Athens has been called the mother of modern civilization, and certainly New England is the mother of much that is noblest and best in the political and social institutions of America. The sternness and austerity of the Puritans was confined chiefly to religion. Few of the nations of Europe have made their criminal laws so humane as those of early New England. In many respects their punishments were milder than penalties imposed by modern American legislation. Even the brute creation was not forgotten, cruelty to animals being a civil offense.

Broad and deep they laid the foundation of our national life. Education, morality, religion, independence, and eventually toleration, were the rock upon which they reared their temple of liberty,

against which the storms and floods of more than two hundred years have dashed in vain. To those great silent men, who, with so much toil and suffering, "broke the ice for others who came after with less difficulty," the honor shall belong to the world's end of founding a free and happy country.

"It was a century of prodigies," says Rev. John Hurst, "and not least among them were those cosmopolitan and heroic bands of colonists which it sent to people the Western hemisphere. There was an element of high moral purpose in them for which we search in vain in the colonial plantings of Phoenicia, Carthage and Rome. In fact, the nations themselves, which in the Seventeenth century furnished scions for the new life here, were never, either before or since, permitted to produce for distant lands men of equally elevated motives, fine intellects and far-reaching destiny." Imagination loves to dwell on these grand old forefathers of America in their poor cottages in the wilderness, fighting a good fight and leaving the world a little better than they found it. Hard and homely as must have been the details of their daily lot, they need no pity of ours, for heroism was there, and wisdom and true godliness—all that most dignifies and embellishes the life of man.

Many of the fathers of the republic sleep in unknown graves. No storied urn marks their last resting place, but it is not needed, for the memory of their faithful, patient, heroic lives is graven deep in the hearts of the American people. Through the

length and breadth of the land they have builded unto themselves, in the form of schools and churches, of free civil and religious institutions, a monument whose effect upon the collective life of mankind is as enduring as the Pyramids. In these latter days Puritanism has marched from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and under her magic touch the wilderness and waste places blossom as the rose. Whether America is to go on untrammelled in her noble career, or sink into the strange and degenerate branch of a most noble vine, depends upon the fidelity with which she cherishes the virtues and principles of her founders; their steady scorn of wrong, whether in high or low places, their shining courage and high spiritual daring. Though all things else do perish as a leaf, these attributes are of perennial value, and will continue to shine with undiminished lustre until the heavens roll up like a scroll, and the earth and the sea shall flee **away**.

Wild was the day; the wintry sea
Moaned sadly on New England's strand,
When first, the thoughtful and the free,
Our fathers, trod the desert land.

They little thought how pure a light,
With years, should gather 'round that day;
How love should keep their memories bright,
How wide a realm their sons should sway.

Green are their bays; but greener still
Shall round their spreading fame be wreathed,
And regions, now untrod, shall thrill
With reverence, when their names are breathed.

Till where the sun, with softer fires,
Looks on the vast Pacific's sleep
The children of the pilgrim sires
This hallowed day like us shall keep.
William Cullen Bryant, 1829.



**"SHAKESPEARE AND THE FOUNDERS
OF LIBERTY IN AMERICA"**

A Review of

“SHAKESPEARE AND THE FOUNDERS OF LIBERTY IN AMERICA,”* A REVIEW OF.

In reviewing this book we shall first consider briefly the third chapter, which treats of the sources from which Shakespeare drew the material for his wonderful drama.

The Tempest is based upon the shipwreck of the Sea Venture in the Bermudas, the Sea Venture being one of a fleet of seven good ships and pinnaces which, in June, 1609, set out from Plymouth, England, for Virginia. It seems conclusive that Shakespeare had inside information which could have come to him only through intimate association with those large-minded Elizabethans who were devising liberal things for the New World beyond the Atlantic. Some of the most striking incidents in the play were drawn from a confidential letter written by William Strachey, one of the survivors of the wrecked Sea Venture, and which was not made public until long after the occurrence. Its contents were known only to those men who were directing the affairs of the Virginia Company, to whom the letter was sent.

*Charles Mills Gayley, Dean of Berkeley and Governor of the Society of Mayflower Descendants in California.

Nothing in Shakespeare's play can exceed the vividness of William Strachey's description of the horrors of that storm. The fire flaming here and there over the ship, and in many places at once, is given only in the letter of Strachey, and incorporated by Shakespeare into his great drama, and attributed by him to the magic of Ariel. To students of Shakespeare it is well worth while to read in detail the third chapter of Mr. Gayley's book.

The aim of that author is not so much a study of Shakespeare's plays as to demonstrate conclusively the close affiliation of the great dramatist with those contemporary thinkers and statesmen, the Earl of Southampton, Sir Edwin Sandys, Richard Hooker, and others, who were leading their native land to higher levels. Those freedom-loving men left an indelible mark upon the fortunes of Colonial Virginia and upon the New England colonies, and laid the foundations of constitutional government in the New World.

Three hundred years ago the rights of Colonies were not well understood by European rulers, and a liberal party, or Patriots, as they were styled in Parliament and in the Virginia Company, were struggling to plant colonies in the New World under liberal auspices, and to secure to the inhabitants and their posterity "all the liberties, franchises, and immunities of British subjects." In 1618, through the efforts of these Patriots, the first representative government in America was established in Virginia. It

provided that "no orders from London should be binding on the colony unless ratified by her Assembly. Upon the charters thus culminating all future rights and liberties of the colonies, north and south, of the Revolutionary America of 1775, and of the Republic of today are built."

The real import of Mr. Gayley's most interesting book is to bring home to our minds the fact of the common heritage of England and America, and a deeper perception that the future of the world depends largely upon the harmonious co-operation of English-speaking peoples. The Anglo-Saxon race is the natural custodian of the sacred fire of liberty and constitutional government.

"America," says Justin McCarthy, 'can never afford in all her greatness to be unmindful of the land of Shakespeare and Cromwell, and John Milton; the land that gave her the dauntless men and women of the Mayflower, who with 'empires in their brains,' and the love of liberty in their hearts, laid the cornerstone of American greatness.'"

Our own historian, John Fiske, says of England a quarter of a century later, "If ever there were men who laid down their lives in the cause of all mankind, it was those grim old Ironsides whose watch-words were texts of Holy Writ, whose battle cries were hymns of praise. By saving liberty in England they also saved it in America."

The student of history is often struck with the

intimate connection of events far removed in time and space. Everything is related to that which has gone before, and to that which follows after. The beginnings of our country are deeply rooted in English history. Our birthright privileges and ancestral spirit are writ large on every page of Anglo-Saxon history since the days of King Alfred and the Magna Charta, of Naseby and Marston Moor. The Barons' War, led by Simon de Montfort, laid a sure foundation for yet undiscovered America. It is as impossible to understand early American history without constant reference to England and its great intellectual lights in society and government as it would be to study Hamlet with Hamlet left out. The finest minds of the Colonial age, as well as the minds of Washington and Adams and Jefferson, were colored by the traditions and principles they had drawn in with their mother's milk.

Of this spirit was born the book of Charles Mills Gayley, an American of the Americans. It is like a window opening into the inmost mind of Shakespeare. We see him, not alone as a poet rolling his eyes in a fine frenzy from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, but as a man among men, entering with keen sympathy and fellowship into the most important problems of human life and human government which it is given the sons of men to solve.

How far was Shakespeare influenced by the spirit of his times? In various ways Mr. Gayley has answered the question. Several plays reveal the very

image and body of Shakespeare's time, its form and pressure. Again and again, in sonnet and drama, he has given utterance to ideas akin to those which the Patriots of England sought to realize. The reforms that Sir Edwin Sandys sought to reduce to a concrete form in the New World, Shakespeare, while American colonies were yet in the making, was implying poetically in the "weal of the common," founded on ordered service, justice and patriotism.

In the sixteenth century, the spirit which had grown so great could no longer be confined within the narrow limits of the little "nook-shotten isle" called England. In the days of Elizabeth, the eyes of that sturdy and intrepid race were turning towards the brave New World beyond the sea, and so keen an intellect as Shakespeare's must inevitably have shared the hopes and fears and ambitions of his countrymen.

"Shakespeare was acquainted with more than one of the English statesmen who wrested from King James the colonial charters by which, between 1606 and 1620, English liberty was first planted in Virginia and New England. That he had confidential relations with these English Patriots, the founders of American liberty, is proved by the contents and source of one of his plays. That Shakespeare was in sympathy with the teachings of the most eminent moral and political master of the liberal movement in England is manifest in many of the poet's works."

Mr. Gayley goes on to say that the purpose of his book is to show "that the thoughts and even the

words of that liberal thinker, Richard Hooker, passed into the minds of our revolutionary fathers and into the Declaration of Independence, and that the principles common to Shakespeare and Hooker, to Sir Edwin Sandys, Southampton, and the other Patriots of Seventeenth Century England, are the principles of liberty which America enjoys today." He also reminds us that, in the American Revolution, "the colonists were but asserting their rights as Englishmen under the charter and common law, and that the hearts of the truest and noblest Englishmen at home were with them in the struggle; that the heritage of today is a heritage which for 1400 years has been ripening for the British Empire and America alike."

The mighty struggle from which the world has just emerged was at bottom but an old foe with a new face. George the Third and the Hohenzollerns were birds of the self-same feather, both of them terrible exponents of German despotism. "Washington," says Mr. Gayley, "was but asserting against a despotic sovereign of German blood and broken English speech the prerogative of the Anglo-Saxon breed, the faith of his liberal brothers in England." "The nursing mother of the three great modern democracies—the United States of America, the Union of Free Commonwealths styled the British Empire, and the present French Republic—was the liberal England of Shakespeare and Hooker, and the Patriots of early Seventeenth Century England."

One strong impelling reason for emigrating to the New World was the longing in the hearts of the Pilgrim exiles to preserve to their latest posterity the name and language, and laws, of their native land. "They were, every man and woman of them, English to the backbone. All alike were of that stock and breeding which made the Englishmen of the days of Bacon and Shakespeare." Under the spell of Mr. Gayley's most illuminating book, the words of Governor Bradford of Plymouth Colony, the first American historian, uttered almost three centuries ago, take on new meaning. In his famous *History of Plymouth Plantation*, the *Genesis* and *Exodus* of American history, Governor Bradford, recounting for their children's children all the way the Pilgrims had been led by the Most High God, said:

"May and ought not the children of these fathers to say, Our fathers were Englishmen, who came over this great ocean, and were ready to perish in this wilderness. But they cried unto the Lord, and He heard their voice, and looked on their adversity. Let them confess before the Lord his loving kindness, and His wonderful works unto the children of men."

All that we enjoy today has been bought with a price. We are children of yesterday and heirs of all the ages.

In every epoch of history we find here and there master minds that act as pathfinders and pioneers, blazing the way for human progress. What John

Milton was to a later period of English history, Richard Hooker was to the Elizabethan world. Erasmus and Sir Thomas More and Richard Hooker dreamed of a nobler world than any yet realized, and those visions were to be the beacon lights of future generations. It is difficult for us to comprehend how deeply Richard Hooker colored the best thought of his own day, and his influence widening like a circle in the water, still made itself felt when the Declaration of Independence was written a century and a half later. "To the broadest-minded, most learned, and most eloquent thinker and philosopher of the sixteenth century, not alone Sir Edwin Sandys and his compeers, but the initiators of the American Revolution owed the central concepts of their political philosophy." The political ideas in Richard the Second and in all of Shakespeare's plays, which refer to the relations of ruler and ruled, have been directly influenced by Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity.

Only second to Richard Hooker was his pupil, Sir Edwin Sandys, "a man of rare gifts and knowledge and great resoluteness, the incomparable leader of the liberal statesmen, one of the greatest men of a great age." The noblest patriot of the first quarter of the seventeenth century, Sir Edwin Sandys, drafted the charter of 1609 for Virginia, and to him was largely due the charter of 1618, which secured liberty and self-government to the Virginia Colony, and definitely created in the wilds of America a new House of Freedom. In 1618-19, Sir Edwin Sandys

exerted his utmost efforts to secure a liberal charter for Plymouth Colony. The Pilgrims sailed away from their native land assured of "freedom of person, equality before the law, the right to participate in the government of themselves, and to enjoy all liberties, franchises, and immunities as if they had been abiding within the realm of England." How deeply the leaders of the Mayflower enterprise had imbibed the spirit of Richard Hooker and Sir Edwin Sandys is evinced by their regard for the common weal, "each for all, and all for each," and for just and equal laws based upon the consent of the governed, and which were embodied in the compact drawn up and signed in the cabin of the Mayflower, November, 1620. Governor Winslow tells us that Sir Edwin Sandys loaned the Pilgrims 300 pounds without interest for three years, which was repaid.

"Such," says Charles Mills Gayley, "has been the service rendered by Sandys to the founders of New England. There can be no doubt that the qualities displayed by William Brewster, as elder of the congregation in Leyden and afterwards in the Plymouth Colony, were colored by long association with his 'very loving friend,' Sir Edwin Sandys, as well as by a first-hand acquaintance with the printed word of Richard Hooker. This is reflected in the genial humanity, the liberal knowledge and outlook, the conservative wisdom, with which the historic Elder molded the civil polity of the first settlement in New England, and held in check tendencies elsewhere

manifested toward religious bigotry and oppression."

That eminent authority on Pilgrim History, Rev. Henry Martyn Dexter, says: "The New Plymouth of 1620 found much of its best interpretation in the old life which, sadly, yet with a great hope, the Mayflower was leaving behind the hazy hills of Cornwall, as she drew away from them westward on her eventful voyage. The traditions, habits and methods of Old England became prime factors of their great endeavor here." The more we study this subject the deeper becomes our realization of the debt we owe to sixteenth and seventeenth century Englishmen. "The political principles that inspired Sandys, Southampton, Selden, and all that noble company, never died out of the northern colony called New England. Disciples of Hooker, associates of Shakespeare, were the founders of the first republic in the New World."

Since 1914 the attention of the civilized world has been drawn as perhaps never before to the rights of the individual and to the duty of the individual to the State. In imperial Germany the man was reduced to a mere cipher, of no more weight as a thinking being than a rivet or a bolt in a vast machine. In our own beloved country we have, perhaps, erred by going to the other extreme, and by permitting individualism to run wild, oftentimes at the expense of the good of the whole.

These great questions were as vital to Shakespeare's day as to our own. It is most interesting

to consider how men like Hooker and Sandys and Shakespeare approached problems which are like the riddles of the Sphinx, and for which society must find a correct solution or perish. To that question of questions—What are the rights of the individual; what are his duties to the State?—both Hooker and Shakespeare have given answers as valid in our time as in theirs. The tones and accents of these great Elizabethans echo down the centuries, begetting in us a keener sense of our own duties and responsibilities as citizens of no mean country.

That the voice of the people, that is of collective humanity, is really God speaking through man, his instrument, is one of the principles of Richard Hooker, and one which lies at the very root of American institutions. The origin of society and the body politic, and the concessions needful for the common good are ably set forth in the *Ecclesiastical Polity* of Hooker, and the concepts of Shakespeare are shot through and through with the ideas of this great master. "No reader or thinker of that day could have escaped the influence of Hooker," says Mr. Gayley. The transition from Natural to Positive Law, the end being the Pursuit of Happiness, and the good of the majority; the Consent of the Governed, the Right of Revolution, and Representative Government; were all familiar to the authors of the American Declaration of Independence one hundred and fifty years later through John Locke, the disciple of Hooker, and whose political philosophy was based upon the arguments of the master

thinker of sixteenth century England. Richard Hooker's epoch-making book was as fatal as dynamite to theories of the divine right of kings and other fallacies peculiar to the Hohenzollern type of mind three centuries ago. Not only to Sir Edwin Sandys, but to Shakespeare, all just government was based upon the consent of the governed.

Yet Shakespeare was no mere imitator or echo of Richard Hooker, or of any other man however eminent. The spirit of God was moving upon the face of the waters, and these grand ideals pervaded the atmosphere of Shakespeare's England. The master-dramatist was singularly responsive to the noblest instincts and tendencies of his age and race. In Shakespeare's political creed there was no room for autocracy and the divine right of kings. He upheld a nation's right to dethrone an unworthy king. He believed in national unity and the duty of individuals to work together for the common good. The masses of Europe has not reached the level of today, and Democracy as we understand it was not the ideal of the seventeenth century; but representative government so far as it had been evolved, had the approval of Shakespeare as it did that of Hooker and Sandys, and all that glorious company.

The men who defended the Magna Charta, parliamentary freedom of speech and action, the responsibility of rulers, and the right of parliament to bring to judgment great officers of state, believed as our own forefathers did in the rule of "the Best." Hooker and Shakespeare and all the noblest minds of the time

held that men who bear rule over their fellows should be chosen because of superior merit and fitness. "Let no one," says Shakespeare, "presume to wear an undeserved dignity." If it were possible to keep power and authority in the hands of the unselfish and the wise and the noble, we should have taken a long step towards the millennium.

Such were the conceptions of government which were carried to America by its early founders. "The thoughts that were common to Hooker and Shakespeare and Shakespeare's friends, the dream of the well-ordered state where merit shall govern, the ideals of individual worth, duty, and patriotism, were common to our English forefathers, the planters of Virginia, the Pilgrims of the Mayflower of Plymouth, the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay. . . . Bradford and Brewster, Winthrop and Endicott, John Cotton and Roger Williams, John Harvard and Thomas Hooker of New England, Alexander Whitaker, Clayborne and Nathaniel Bacon of Virginia, belong to the history of English ideals no less than to that of America."—"It is to Shakespeare's England that the Americans of the colonies owed—that the Americans of today of whatever stock they be, owe—the historic privileges that have made the New World a refuge for the oppressed and a hope for humanity."

How deeply the colonial mind was imbued with the ideal of Liberty under the Law, is shown by the famous definition given by Governor Winthrop of Massachusetts Bay, in 1645, and which has been pro-

nounced by distinguished publicists the best definition of liberty in the English language. As defined by Winthrop, it was indeed a liberty for which a man should stand, if need be, not only at the hazard of his goods, but of his life.

The New World was a fruitful soil, and civil liberty and democracy took on large proportions from the outset. The noted preacher, Thomas Hooker, the founder of Hartford, Connecticut, in 1638 anticipated the fundamental principles of modern democracy. "The foundation of authority," he declared, "is laid in the free consent of people. They who have power to appoint officers and magistrates, it is in their power also, to set the bounds and limitations of the power and place into which they call them." The recall of unworthy judges and legislators of all kinds was well known, both in theory and practice, in early New England.

The names of the Earl of Southampton, of Pembroke, and Sir Edwin Sandys, are eternally affixed to the title deeds of liberty in the United States of America. Their zeal for freedom secured to Virginia and New England the priceless boon of representative government and equality before the Law. Neither the Dutch Colony of New Netherland, nor the French Colonies in Canada enjoyed the freedom and self-government of the English Colonies in America.

Mr. Gayley's book is like a searchlight upon the colonial period of America. The seed sown by Hooker and Sandys, germinating and fructifying for one hun-

dred and fifty years, resulted inevitably in the Declaration of Independence. The colonial age was but the necessary training and preparation of a great democracy, fully equipped for a new experiment in the annals of mankind.

Thomas Jefferson truly said that "the ball of the Revolution received the first impulse, not from the actors in the events, but from the first colonists." American Independence was but the natural harvest of seed sown throughout the Colonial period, and tracing backward to men of English race and speech in the old home land. The beginnings lay far back in the days of small things, when the leaders and workers of the Colonial time wrought together on the foundations of a Temple of Liberty, to be reared in its full beauty and majesty by other hands than theirs.

Shakespeare and the founders of liberty abhorred the doctrines of Machiavelli, the Bernhardt of the sixteenth century. Both Machiavelli and modern Germany were actuated by the spirit of Mephistopheles—"the spirit that denies." This denial of all the great ideals of truth and justice, of freedom and common humanity between man and man, were utterly foreign to Shakespeare and his great contemporaries. Liberty and law grounded in righteousness, mercy, and peace, was the ideal of our forefathers; and Mr. Gayley justly says that "the liberty we enjoy today is what it is, primarily because Southampton, Sandys, and other patriots were Englishmen, because the highminded men of the Virginia Colony and the Bradfords, Brew-

sters, and Winthrops of New England were Englishmen, and established in the New World an advance guard of English liberty."

Shakespeare was not the idle singer of an empty day, but every inch a man, deeply apprehending the most vital principles of human conduct and human government. His plays are not mere echoes of something outside of him. Through them there is pulsing like a heartbeat his personal beliefs and convictions. He appreciated, as all truly great men must, the supreme value of the moral and the ethical. His justice is of the moral law, the same for dynasties and nations as for the individual. No "scrap of paper" entered into Shakespeare's scheme of things.

"There sits a judge in heaven, whom no king can corrupt."

Like our own Lincoln, he framed immortal phrases, because he served immortal issues. For timeservers and corruption in high places he had all the scorn of an honest and manly heart.

In an age of rank and social distinction, we catch notes of the New Democracy. The keynote had been struck two hundred years before by Chaucer, in his high estimate of the worth and dignity of the personal soul, an idea which seems to be innate in the Anglo-Saxon race. "Honors thrive when rather from our acts we them derive, than our foregoers," says Shakespeare, and again—

"From lowest place whence virtuous things proceed,
That place is dignified by the doer's deed."

These convictions, voiced long ago in the England of our forefathers, lie at the root of all that is best worth while in America and the life of today.

The year 1588 was a turning-point in the world's history. The whole future of modern civilization was trembling in the balance. Of incalculable importance to mankind was the question whether it should be the world of the Spanish Inquisition, of Philip the Second, and the Duke of Alva, or the world of Shakespeare and Hampden and George Washington. No United States of America was possible until the naval power of Spain was shattered by brave little England. The defeat of the Invincible Armada was the opening chapter in the history of the United States. Sixteenth century Englishmen settled a question no less vital to the human race than that of 1919, as to whether the American world, the world of England and of all freedom-loving peoples, or the German mind and purpose, should shape the destinies of mankind.

"We must be free or die, who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake."

The life-story of the United States is a chapter in universal history. It is part and parcel of the long struggle for justice, for freedom, for the equality of man before law, industrially as well as politically, which has gone on since the dawn of Anglo-Saxon history; and the godfathers of America were Hooker and Shakespeare and Sandys, Hampden and Pym and Cromwell.

"Shakespeare and the Founders of Liberty in

America," was written in 1917 when America was at a white heat in the world-shaking struggle for the preservation of those grand ideals and principles which men of the Anglo-Saxon blood have for centuries accounted their dearest possession. A more eloquent and convincing spokesman could scarcely have been found than Charles Mills Gayley. Writing in 1917 he says: "In this period of conflict, the sternest that the world has known, when we have joined heart and hand with Great Britain, it may profit Americans to recall how essentially at one with Englishmen we have always been in everything that counts. That the speech, the poetry, of the race are ours and theirs in common, we know—they are Shakespeare. But that the institutions, the law and the liberty, the democracy administered by the fittest, are derived from Shakespeare's England, and are Shakespeare too, we do not generally know, or if we have known, we do not always remember." The League of Nations and world-wide arbitration are but Richard Hooker's desire for "an universal fellowship with all men."

From fifty-five to sixty-millions of our one hundred millions are exclusively or predominantly descended from the ancient stock which first landed on these shores three hundred years ago. But there is a pedigree of the mind and soul as well as of the body, and to all true Americans of whatever name or race, Charles Mills Gayley extends a welcome. "To the descendants not of the blood alone but of the spirit, of the heart and conscience, of the faith and stern resolve, the un-

dying devotion to freedom, right, and unconquerable hope, this little book is dedicated."

Charles Mills Gayley represents the very highest type of Americanism. The spirit of America, the great traditions and ideals of the fathers live and walk in him. In his mind is embodied the Heroic and Ideal America, with an unwavering faith in its great destiny and mission to mankind.

Forty years ago, that benign and gracious spirit, Arthur Penryhn Stanley, wrote of our country: "Whether from the remarkable circumstances of its first beginnings, certain it is, that even from very early times a sense of a vast and mysterious destiny unfolding in a distant future, had taken possession of the mind both of Americans and of Englishmen. * * * 'Let it not be grievous unto you,' was the consolation offered from England to the Pilgrim Fathers, 'that you have been instruments to break the ice for others. The honor shall be yours to the world's end, for the memory of this action shall never die.' "

But we should also remember the warning of Dean Stanley, that these great predictions do not necessarily carry with them their fulfillment. "Other predictions more sacred have failed of their full accomplishment because the nations of which they were spoken knew not the time of their visitation, and heard the Divine Call with closed ears and hardened hearts."

This is the Day of our Visitation, and a call has come to the American people as clear and compelling

as the call which summoned Abraham from his country and his father's house. If, in this crisis of our destiny, we are misled by the counsels of a low prudence, we shall repent once, and repent always. Never were those fine lines of James Russell Lowell, on the "Present Crisis," of greater import than today.

"Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their time?

Turns those tracks towards Past or Future,
That make Plymouth Rock sublime?

But we make their truth our falsehood, when our tender spirits flee

The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea."

The prows of the Mayflower and the Arbella, of the Sea Venture and Godspeed, of the Ark and the Dove, turned not backward, but forward, as they ploughed their way through unpathed waters to the shores of the wild New World. One hundred and fifty years later, the men of Connecticut, speeding to the fray, with the same high confidence, carried before them banners, inscribed in golden letters—"God who brought over the fathers will sustain the sons."

Let us never doubt that while America treads the paths of honor and true greatness in the fulfillment of her destiny, she will be sustained and exalted among the nations, for this blessed land comes not to destroy but to fulfill. Vast wealth and power bring increased duties and responsibilities to the nation as to the individual. Unless directed to noble ends, we may well pray, like Edward Everett Hale, "Deliver us, O Lord,

from our terrible prosperity." Upon no one does responsibility for the future rest more heavily than upon the women of America. Perhaps, like Queen Esther, they have been called to the kingdom for such a time as this.

George Washington had a noble mind, a progressive mind. Were he on earth today, who can doubt that he would be standing shoulder to shoulder with Lloyd George and Woodrow Wilson and Clemenceau in their heroic efforts to safeguard the peace and well being of mankind?

The Voice that called our fathers is calling us. With high hearts not unworthy of their sons and daughters, let us follow the new light and new truth of our day as faithfully as they followed the new light and new truth revealed to them in their day. Whithersoever it may lead us, let us Follow the Gleam.

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth.

They must upward still and onward, who would keep abreast of Truth.

Lo! before us gleam her campfires, we ourselves must Pilgrims be,

Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,

Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key."

THE PILGRIM QUALITY

To Americans America is something more than a promise and an expectation. It has a past and traditions of its own. A descent from men who sacrificed everything and came hither, not to better their fortunes, but to plant their idea in a virgin soil, should be a good pedigree. There was never colony save this that went forth, not to seek gold, but God.

James Russell Lowell.

Spirituality was of the essence of New England from its birth, and underlies its historic democracy as the things of eternity underlie the things of time.

George E. Woodberry.

THE PILGRIM QUALITY

The Pilgrim was a Puritan, but the Puritan was not a Pilgrim. Holding the tenets of the Puritan faith, the Pilgrim went farther, separating from the Church of England as well as from its corruptions, and thus reverting to the simplicity of the Apostolic Church. The long sojourn in Holland and the experiences of exiles in a foreign land had given them a broader outlook on life and a wider sympathy with men outside of their own household of faith. Brewster and Robinson represented the advanced religious thought of their day, but the great foundation qualities were alike in Pilgrim and Puritan. The life of both was based upon reality—to Be, and not Seem. As easy to separate mind from spirit, or soul from body, as the true New England man from earnestness and sincerity. To him it was no mere figure of speech that man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy Him forever. Every pulpit rang with the doctrine of disinterested benevolence. Fed on such meat it is small wonder that the spirit of New England grew so great. "Search all things and hold fast to that which is good," was the first and great commandment; and the second was like unto it—"Be ye steadfast and

immovable," an injunction to be obeyed with a fine disregard of consequences and with an eye single to the praise of God. The essence of Puritanism was the idea of self-sacrifice. To die to self and to live again unto righteousness, was their being's end and aim.

The Puritan spirit rested on granite foundations. There was an underlying strength in the Puritan which made itself felt in the supreme moments of existence like a dynamic force. High trust and loyalty were as his vital breath, and to lose them was to desecrate his life. "From the days of the Pilgrim Fathers down to the time when Emerson in rhapsodic flights preached the ethical idealism of Fichte, and Longfellow wrote the Psalm of Life, the old Puritan spirit remained predominant." It was no blind chance which led to the wonderful literary outburst in New England two centuries later. The abundant life does not spring up in the barren soil of commercialism, and the materialistic spirit is fatal to poetry and the higher imagination. The passion for theology was but a stage of the New England Pilgrim's Progress. He was a practical idealist with his eye fixed upon the Eternal, and sooner or later his love of excellence would lead him to all forms of the true, the beautiful, and the good.

Rev. John Robinson wisely foresaw that, once separated by the ocean from the Old Country, all differences would fade away, leaving Pilgrim and Puritan in full accord in all the essentials of faith and practice. And so it proved. The Congregational Church established by the Pilgrim Fathers superseded all others in

New England for many generations. In many important respects the Pilgrims were the fore-runners of modern America. The greater wealth and numerical strength of the Bay Colony has sometimes overshadowed the real greatness of Plymouth. On this subject William Griffis says:

“The Pilgrim republic was a true prototype of the United States of American, cosmopolitan, tolerant, Christian. Here were people of at least seven nationalities, of varying degrees of character, culture, and social standing, and of different creeds and ideas of government in church and state. Yet into this colony men of all sects and no sect were received if they were willing to obey the laws and usages. With an intense and positive faith, the Pilgrims made no form of words to bind the conscience. They welcomed to their church fellowship all who made Jesus Christ their teacher and model. * * * The legislation of the Plymouth Colony was singularly free from the extremes seen in the rest of New England and in the southern Colonies. It was wonderfully like that of the Netherlands, where both in government and custom Christianity and civilization were then much better illustrated. On the statute books of Plymouth there were fewer capital crimes named than in any other colonies north or south of New York and Pennsylvania. The Plymouth law against the Quakers was passed late in their history and was never enforced. The spirit of the Pilgrims had been chastened by their persecutions, sufferings, and exile and by dwelling in a tolerant republic, which was then the leader among nations.”

Neither does the incoming tide of European immigration bear any marked resemblance to the coming of Pilgrim or Puritan, who, unlike the modern immigrant, were not attracted to the New World by the lure of material gain. The Pilgrim leaders at least might have spent their days in ease and dignity had they chosen to acquiesce in the religious usages and abuses of the realm. The poverty of English refugees, like that of the Huguenots, had no relation to their status as individuals.

Now and then some modern writer attempts to make merry with the idea of the Pilgrim or Puritan in society. In a modern fashionable assembly it would not be easy to find men of such scholarship, dignity of bearing, and high standards of life and conduct, as the leaders of the Mayflower and the Arbella. Quality not quantity was their watchword, and the compass by which they steered. Like Arthur's best, they had learned from their varied experiences,

"High thoughts, and honorable words,
And love of truth, and all that makes a man."

The Knighthood of the Middle Ages was an illustration of the power of the ideal. Its outward romance and chivalry were but the visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. The true glory of knighthood was purely a spiritual quality, an ideal which hovered above each knightly soul like the pillar of cloud and of fire. The finest tribute which could be paid a noble knight was to say of him that he was "Ever plain, faithful, and true." When we consider

the kindness and humanity to friend and foe alike, the hospitality even to enemies, the leniency towards those who sought to injure their dearest interests, their readiness to succor the most ungrateful, coupled with an invincible courage in matters of conscience, one feels that in everything which made knighthood truly noble the Pilgrim was his peer. No Red Cross Knight ever rode on nobler quest than Miles Standish and his handful of Invincibles marching to the rescue of the Weymouth settlers. No stranger to the amenities of courts and kings, Elder Brewster possessed qualities of mind and heart which would have dignified Arthur's Knights of the Round Table. Truly does Charles Kingsley declare that we are befooled by names—"Call him Crusader instead of Puritan and he seems at once as complete a knight-errant as ever watched and prayed, ere putting on his spurs, in fantastic Gothic chapel, beneath 'storied windows richly dight.' "

The Pilgrim leaders were English gentlemen and scholars, like the men of Massachusetts Bay. Senator Hoar, a Puritan of the Puritans, says: "The Winthrops were Christian gentlemen, fit for the companionship of Bradford and Brewster, and there can be no higher praise. There is surely no statelier or loftier presence in human history than the Pilgrims of Plymouth. What belongs to a high behavior, to a simple, severe, but delicate taste in dress, in architecture, in house-furnishings, in the decoration and adornment of daily life, they discerned with unerring taste. * * *

The dress of the Puritan is now the dress of all gentlemen in Europe. The architects of our dwellings are studying the secret of his simple and noble architecture. The serious dignity of demeanor which marked the intercourse of Bradford and Brewster is a pattern for imitation of any Ambassador, though he represent seventy million freemen at whatever court, or before whatever Sovereign he may stand. When Bradford and Brewster, and Carver, and Robinson, and Miles Standish, and Richard Warren, and Edward Winslow, and Samuel Fuller were taking counsel together in Leyden, they could have set a pattern of stately dignity to any society on earth. Leyden street in Plymouth, with its cluster of seven humble dwellings, witnessed a high behavior to which there could not be found a parallel in any court in Europe. There was no employment so homely or menial that it could debase the simple dignity of these men, a dignity born of daily spiritual communion with heavenly contemplations, of constant meditating on the things which concern eternal life, and the things which concern the foundation of empire. It was like an encampment of a company of crusaders on their journey to the Holy City, where every companion was a prince or a noble!"

Nor was the mark of the high calling absent in the generation that succeeded the Pilgrims. It has been well said that the fathers must have been of rare moral and spiritual fibre who could educate and prepare for the duties and responsibilities of a noble life such men as Thomas Cushman, "that precious servant of God,"

who sleeps on Burial Hill, and who succeeded William Brewster as elder of the Pilgrim Church; or Major Bradford, the son of the Governor, who dignified the office of Deputy Governor; or Nathaniel Morton, who filled with distinction the place of secretary and historian of the Old Colony; or Josiah Winslow, who was the colonial Governor, and afterwards the Commander of the forces of the United Colonies of Plymouth, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and New Haven in King Phillip's war! Verily, the tree is known by its fruit!

Apropos to this subject is the story told by Thacher in his history of Plymouth, and by Goodwin in "The Pilgrim Republic," of the adoption and rearing of Thomas Faunce the last ruling elder of the Pilgrim Church. He was the son of John Faunce and Patience Morton, the father dying in 1654. At the head of his grave during his burial stood a pitiful group of little orphans left in poverty; but Captain Thomas Southworth, a very prominent man in civil affairs, taking by the hand Thomas, an eight year old boy, led him to his own home and reared him with fatherly affection, and transmitting that which he had received from his step-father, Governor Bradford, gave the orphan a good education, secular and religious. When another generation gathered reverently around Elder Faunce, the connecting link between two centuries, he forgot not to tell the story of his benefactor, and to declare that for this training and education he had "reason to bless God to all eternity." The orphan whom Captain Southworth had fitted for whatever station might await him, became the last ruling elder

known in Plymouth. This office was one of great consideration, the elder being regarded as the virtual representative of the church, and equal to the pastor. On February 27, 1745, Elder Thomas Faunce, revered of all, passed away at the age ninety-nine years, and was laid to rest on Burial Hill. His benefactor, Captain Southworth, had passed away many years before, and of him the record says: "He was a very Godly man; and he lived and died full of faith and comfort, being much lamented by all of all sorts, sects, and conditions of people."

Such were the men who guided the destinies of Plymouth Colony.

AN OLD COLONY PILGRIMAGE

AN OLD COLONY PILGRIMAGE

Everywhere in the New England country the new and the old are commingled. Even the names of the pleasure boats are suggestive of the past—the Betty Alden, the Elder Brewster, the Miles Standish, while the streets of quaint Plymouth and quainter Provincetown are named for the Pilgrim leaders. It is indeed the Pilgrims' Land! The dwellers in modern Plymouth have not the mind of St. Ogg's, which George Eliot says "did not look before nor after, and inherited a long past without thinking of it, and had no eyes for the spirits that walked the streets." On the contrary, the Pilgrim town is keenly alive to its glorious past. It is a busy place, prosperous, enterprising, but its native sons prize above all else the story of the Fathers, and every heirloom and tradition of those early days is sacredly cherished. Plymouth is what one would wish it to be, a community which values highly all that has come down to it through the centuries, yet presses on unweariedly towards what is best in the life of today. A town to be venerated by every patriotic American, and by all who love freedom of whatever name or race.

The prospect from Burial Hill is unrivaled, and

we wandered about among old gravestones and monuments with names written thereon famous in history and song and story. Those charming tales, "A Nameless Nobleman" and "Dr. LeBaron's Daughters," had long been dear to our hearts, and we copied inscriptions from old LeBaron tombstones, then paused at the grave of Thomas Cushman, "that precious servant of God" dying in 1691 at the age of 84, and who, for forty years was the ruling elder of Plymouth Church, following faithfully in the footsteps of saintly, scholarly Elder Brewster. The wife of Elder Cushman, daughter of Mr. Isaac Allerton, died in 1699, aged 90, the last of the Mayflower company. The large monument to Governor Bradford was erected by his descendants, and the Latin inscription freely rendered means, "Let not the sons basely relinquish what the Fathers with difficulty attained."

On Burial Hill those married lovers, James and Mercy Otis Warren, rest side by side. Theirs were singularly benign and gracious lives, still aglow at fourscore years with unabated zeal for the public good, and for the things of the mind and the things of the soul. Not far away is their old home, where the fires of domestic affection burned brightly through all the troublous years of the Revolution and onward to a late old age. Their fine gambrel-roofed house, built in 1730 by General John Winslow, who expelled the unhappy Acadians from Nova Scotia, became the property of his sister Penelope Winslow, and in time the home of her son General Warren of Revolutionary fame. In his day it was a spacious place surrounded

by trees and gardens, but now fallen from its high estate it stands close to the sidewalk and is devoted to business uses. Would that this historic house might be restored and preserved as a memorial of the brave days of old! The other Winslow mansion, a charming place overlooking Plymouth Rock, was the birthplace of Emerson's wife. In its parlor they were married in the autumn of 1835, driving in a chaise to historic Concord, which Emerson's genius was to convert into a Mecca for all the world.

In Plymouth may be seen the meerstead upon which Elder Brewster built his first home in the wilderness. Still bubbling up sweet and clear is the Brewster Spring, with a tablet bearing the inscription:

"This noted Spring
In on the Lot of Land
Owned—Built upon by
Elder Brewster, 1621.
And is the Original
Elder Brewster Spring."

For many years this deliciously cold spring was marked by a fountain of rough stone with the quaint inscription:

"Drink here and quench your thirst,
From this spring Pilgrims drank first."

We slaked our thirst at the little Pilgrim Spring, and, like those hardy souls who set out that lowering November day in 1620 to explore the Cape Cod sand hills, we "drank New England water, with as much delight as ever we drank drinke in all our lives."

To a student of the past Pilgrim Hall is rich in memories. The old chairs of Elder Brewster and Governor Carver, and various articles belonging to Miles Standish and the Winslows carry us back to the dawn of our history. Carefully preserved is the sampler worked by Lorea Standish, the one ewe lamb of the valiant Captain, for so many years the Sword and Shield of Plymouth Colony. The swords of Brewster and Standish and Benjamin Church, the famous Indian fighter, all speak of days gone by.

In spite of the rain, a boy was hired to drive to Morton Park and Billington Sea, first descried in 1621 by a young ne'er-do-well who climbed a tree to gratify his restless desire to be doing something, and beheld afar off that beautiful body of water, one of the many jewels on the bosom of New England. Except Walden Pond, we saw nothing so much like the primeval conditions of the Pilgrim and Puritan day as this lovely, lonely spot. Plymouth Woods must look much as they did in the time of our forefathers, comprising thousands of acres and little ponds full of fish, all of which form a retreat infinitely restful and delightful to the lover of Nature.

Encompassed by the ocean and the wilderness there must have been a certain loneliness in the life of the New England colonists, but less so than in that of pioneers on wide western prairies. Long since the poet sang of the pleasures of the pathless woods and the raptures of the lonely shore. It means a great deal to spend one's days in the presence of great natural ob-

jects, eternal and unchangeable. The most prosaic life is brightened by the pageant unrolled before it daily, and is moulded unconsciously by the poetry of the mountains and the primeval forests. In his charming story, "When Wilderness Was King," Randall Parrish says: "I think it must be in the blood of all of New England birth to love the sea. They may never have seen it, nor even heard its wild, stern music; yet the fascination of great waters is part of their heritage." Through all the literature of New England is heard the sound of the sea, and in its people there is a congenital attachment to mighty waters, bred in them centuries before in their island home. This inborn craving for the ocean beats and throbs like a life-pulse in every lineal descendant of New England soil. The strength of the hills is his also, interwoven with every fibre of his being, and long years spent in level inland countries, only make him more deeply sensible of the charm of New England, in which there is still so much to remind him of the heroic past. Acres upon acres of Plymouth woods, dotted with beautiful little lakes or ponds shining like gems of purest ray upon the bosom of the wilderness, may still be seen in the Old Colony as in the days of the Fathers. Today, as in centuries gone by,

"Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring
ocean

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of
the forest."

THE SPELL OF NEW ENGLAND

THE SPELL OF NEW ENGLAND

Life in every form is precious. The homeliest experience on Nebraska and Dakota farms deserves to have its chronicler, for within the four walls of a rude cabin on Western prairies may be found all the tragedy and pathos of human existence. But in studying the various phases of American pioneer life one finds nothing more attractive than early New England. Its stories and legends have a peculiar fascination. Beautiful beliefs and ideals have power yesterday, today and forever, to irradiate and transfigure the hardest earthly conditions; and the sordid, dreary details incident to pioneer life were lost to sight in the presence of the grand ideal which traveled before these children of the promise like the pillar of cloud and of fire.

From the earliest period many of the colonists were scholars and thinkers. There were men and women in the wilds of New England whose dignity of character and fine intelligence would have graced a palace. With all its hard practicality, it was always a life of books and ideas, of ideals, too, so fine and elevated that as Richard Salter Storrs says, "Their eth-

ereal splendor arched above the rude life in the wilderness, turning darkness to day in the dreariest life, and lighting the hills and bathing the sandy or rocky shores as in the uprising of the immortal morning." Perhaps intense spirituality and intellectual vigor were never more perfectly combined with common sense and the practical management of affairs. These wise old forefathers and foremothers of America were practical idealists, and with keen vision and sure hand they laid strong and deep the foundations of many generations.

In what has been well designated as the heroic period of New England, there was a dignified simplicity and old world quaintness which appeals more powerfully to the finer imaginations of men than the pomp of courts and kings. Its plain living and high thinking set against an exquisite background of primeval woods and waters, belonged to the great heart of nature, and in its conceptions and aspirations it touched the stars. Nowhere have men ever solved better what Philip Gilbert Hamerton justly calls "the great problem of human life, the reconciliation of poverty and the soul." Divorced from the superficial and the trivial, and intent upon eternal verities, it was the ideal life which Wordsworth and Emerson sighed for; the life whose subtle charm has found fitting words of appreciation from Whittier, the dear old Quaker poet:

"Dear to me these far, faint glimpses of the dual life of old,
Inward, grand with awe and reverence; outward, mean
and coarse and cold:

Gleams of mystic beauty playing over dull and vulgar clay,
Golden-threaded fancies weaving in a web of hodden gray.

Not in vain the ancient fiction in whose moral lives the
youth

And the fitness and the freshness of an undecaying truth."

IN THE TRACKS OF OUR FOREFATHERS

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With the eyes of the world turning towards Plymouth Rock as to a shrine, it behooves us to consider well the inward significance of the Pilgrim celebration now impending. Both in jest and earnest it is sometimes said of ancestral societies that the best part of them is underground; and the reproach is merited when such organizations build and garnish the sepulchres of their fathers, but continue blind and deaf to the great problems of the living Present. To be wildly enthusiastic over Bunker Hill and Lexington, yet fail to lift a voice in defense of issues fully as vital to the race as Saratoga or Yorktown, is to be somewhat akin, mentally and spiritually to the ancestral fowl so humorously described by Hawthorne in "The House of Seven Gables."

In his "Message of Puritanism For This Time"—and for all time—Edwin D. Mead has truly said:

"No man is so dreary, no man is so superficial, none so false, as the man, and his name is legion, whose carefully cultivated relation to the Puritan is simply a historical relation, simply a piece of antiquarianism; whose interest, I say, is simply this, and who cannot be counted on for help in any cause or any place in

which the spirit of the Puritan still finds expression, save only at Forefathers' Day dinners, beginning with a course of three grains of corn, but hastening quickly to turtle and quail. * * * The only real use in going back to the Pilgrim and Puritan Fathers is to be helped more vitally into the present. It is to catch the spirit of our time that was in them for their time, to be made like them 'men of present valor,' dealing practically and stalwartly with the new occasion and new duty of today, instead of with the things of yesterday."

From the beginnings of our history the sense of a vast and mysterious future brooded over the colonial life of New England. Nor had the Vision faded a century and a half later, when John Adams wrote: "I always consider the settlement of America with reverence and wonder, as the opening of a grand scene and design in Providence for the illumination of the ignorant and the emancipation of the slavish part of mankind all over the earth." With this belief in the mission of America was coupled a high consciousness of Divine aid and protection. In 1776, the men of Connecticut speeding to the fray, carried before them banners inscribed in golden letters, "God who brought over the fathers will sustain the sons."

The Return of the Mayflower, in 1917, aroused in the civilized world a deeper realization of the mighty import of 1620 and 1776, and begot in every true American heart a keener sense of the responsibility resting upon this great people to carry on. The United States is rightfully a leader, not a backslider, in all

the great forward movements of the human race. The rejection of the League of Nations would be another of the Great Denials of history, perpetrated in every age by men of reactionary minds, standing with their backs to the future and to the light.

The spirit of the Pilgrim Fathers was altruistic. No selfish and separate benefit, but the good of the whole was the end they sought. Were they on earth today they would not be dwelling in the dead past, but standing shoulder to shoulder with those who are struggling to safeguard the freedom and peaceful progress of mankind.

"Not for their hearts and homes alone,
But for the world their work was done,
On all the winds their thought has flown
Through all the circuits of the sun."

With the same high spirit and purpose which marked the early settlement of this country, let us, as becomes their sons and daughters, follow the new light and truth now dawning upon the world, for

"God fulfils Himself in many ways."

Bringing no vain oblations, but dedicated in spirit and in truth to the grand traditions and ideals of the Past and the Future, this great people may approach the tombs of its forefathers in a fashion worthy of its origin and its history. Hand joined in hand with English-speaking peoples, and loyally co-operating with all freedom-loving nations throughout the world, the land of the Pilgrim and the Cavalier, of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln will march forward to a future of yet unimagined greatness—

"I do not know beneath what skies
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
I only know it shall be high,
I only know it shall be great."

OUR PILGRIM INHERITANCE

OUR PILGRIM INHERITANCE

With three hundred years of New England ancestry behind me, it was my misfortune to be born far away from the land of my forefathers. But, if, as Winthrop Packard affirms, New England is not so much a place as a state of mind, then I may truly be said to have lived and moved and had my being in that favored spot and not elsewhere. Lucy Larcom somewhere says that "people as well as plants have their *habitat*—the place where they belong, and where they find their happiest, because their most natural life."

Since childhood I have felt that my mental and spiritual *habitat* is New England, an impression which has deepened with years and acquaintance with that favored spot. The broad prairies of the West, bedecked with wild roses and sweet-williams, or heaped high with winter snows, have a beauty all their own; but nothing can assuage the instinctive longing for a land of hills and valleys and mountains and ocean, with inspiring traditions of a historic and literary past. New England has a peculiar and distinctive charm which begets the most loyal and devoted attachment

in its sons and daughters, not for a brief period, but for a lifetime.

The visitor to New England spends much of his time seeking ancient landmarks under modern conditions, but too often they can only be spiritually discerned. The historic North End of Boston literally swarms with foreigners who know not Winthrop and Eliot and the Mathers. One's first emotion is that of rebellion at this irruption of aliens into a region consecrated to noble memories, but the thought of Mary Antin and her "Promised Land" reconciles one, in some measure, to the inevitable.

The statue of Samuel Adams, the torchbearer of the Revolution, is a fitting symbol of early New England. The strong resolved figure, standing like a sentinel through storm and sunshine, visibly embodies the hereditary character and noble principles of the Pilgrim and Puritan commonwealths. One fancies that the old hero might fall from his pedestal should his "dear New England" prove recreant to the best traditions of its name and race. States and cities, like individuals, long retain the traces of their origin, and in spite of foreign immigration and modern commercialism, Massachusetts is filled with fragrant memories of heroic days and ways.

But all its beauty of sea and shore and all its wealth of historic and literary association are only the body of New England—the soul of it is to be sought in those moral and spiritual qualities which alone constitute the real greatness of the individual or of the Com-

monwealth. First and foremost of these distinguishing characteristics of old New England was Character—"First Character, and second Character, and evermore Character." High-minded men were the product which early New England esteemed far above silver and gold or any material possession whatsoever. "As the Greeks loved beauty, old New England loved right; and high thought and beliefs were to them what stocks and bonds are to their descendants."

No body of men ever better appreciated the spiritual values of life. Shorn of these existence was a mockery, and man but gilded loam or painted clay. With Emerson yet afar off, there were multitudes of plain men and women scattered among the hills and valleys of New England who were none the less "pious aspirants to be noble clay, plastic under the Almighty effort."

New England still produces men who stand for all that is best in New England and in America, and in whom is happily blended the high fashion of early New England with the width and liberality of today. The city of the Puritans and the whole New England country are eloquent with reminders of men and women who have wrought mightily for the glory of God and the well-being of their race. Except Mount Vernon, there is no place in America so alive with gracious, uplifting influences as Boston town and its vicinity.

Nor is New England's mission accomplished. In these troublous days when the principles of the founders are threatened with extinction by the power of

wealth and political corruption, men of the staunch Mayflower breed are needed as of yore to separate with its stern Puritan besom the chaff from the wheat. Long ago Emerson said: "In every age of the world there has been a leading nation, one of a more generous sentiment, whose eminent citizens were willing to stand for the interests of general justice and humanity, at the risk of being called, by the men of the moment, chimerical and fantastic." There is a wise conservatism, which honoring whatever is noblest in the past, yet keeps its windows open to the sunrising.

The best of the New England stock has ever been characterized by forward looking minds and a keen desire to make tomorrow better than today. To be a New Englander is to have a passion for realizing one's ideals, and wherever he goes he labors untiringly to graft the ancestral virtues upon the cruder and more material conditions of other communities. The Pilgrim and Puritan spirit has not fled! Its accents may be heard in the speech of those reared under the fine influences of old New England, and in whom the hereditary principles and ideals still live and burn. The future greatness of America depends, not upon material possessions, but upon the souls of the men who inhabit it. Quality, not quantity is the watchword; and the sons will not basely relinquish that noble democracy, reaching up to the highest and down to the lowest, which the fathers with so much difficulty attained. Once a New Englander, always a New Englander; and a common ancestry, a common enthusi-

asm for the great memories and traditions of the past, is a tie that binds.

The true son of New England has what Bliss Perry calls "conservatism in his blood, and radicalism in his brains"—keeping fast hold of all that is best in the past, yet eagerly reaching out towards new light and new truth to suit the newer day. Truly understood, to be progressive is to be true to the spirit of the Fathers.

The pedigree of the mind is more than the pedigree of the body, and it is the spirit and purpose which counts in us, even as it did in our fathers. "Not to do in our day what our fathers did long ago," says Phillips Brooks, "but to live as truly up to our light as our fathers lived up to theirs—that is what it is to be worthy of our fathers." Only as we realize our own high duty and responsibility shall we be able to bequeath to posterity the noble inheritance we have ourselves received.

A famous French statesman once asked James Russell Lowell how long this republic could endure, and he replied, "So long as America is true to the principles of her founders." Nothing but great ideals heroically contended for can hold our beloved country on its upward way.

In all that relates to our political, social, and industrial relations we stand at the parting of the ways, and it is ours to determine whether America shall continue worthy of her great inheritance or become deaf

and dead to the higher voices. The United States can no more escape her manifest destiny as a world power than she can evade the laws which govern the universe.

Three hundred years ago, in their poor cottages in the wilderness, our fathers dimly foresaw that America was predestined to exercise a vast and beneficent influence upon the fortunes of mankind. They saw it and were glad. To add somewhat to the well-being of mankind, and to leave this world better than they found it, was the high ambition of the founders and makers of America.

God be with us, as He was with our fathers!

PART SECOND
A PILGRIM ROSARY

ELDER BREWSTER'S MESSAGE.

Extracts from Webster's speech 'at the Pilgrim Festival, New York, 1850:

“Gentlemen: There was, in ancient times, a ship that carried Jason to the acquisition of the Golden Fleece. There was a flagship at the battle of Actium which made Augustus Caesar master of the world. In modern times there have been flagships which have carried Hawke, and Howe, and Nelson, of the other continent, and Hull, and Decatur, and Stewart of this, to triumph. What are they all, in the chance of remembrance among men, to that little bark, the Mayflower, which reached these shores in 1620? Yes, brethren, that Mayflower was a flower destined to be of perpetual bloom! Its verdure will stand the sultry blasts of Summer and the chilling winds of Autumn. It will defy Winter. It will defy all climate and all time, and will continue to spread its petals to the world, and to exhale an everlasting odor and fragrance to the last syllable of recorded time.” * * *

“Gentlemen, brethren of New England, whom I have come some hundreds of miles to meet this night, let me present to you one of the most distinguished of those personages who came hither on the deck of

the Mayflower. Let me fancy that I now see Elder William Brewster entering the door at the further end of this hall; a tall erect figure, of plain dress, with a respectful bow, mild and cheerful, but of no merriment that reaches beyond a smile. Let me suppose that his image stood now before us, or that it was looking in upon this assembly. 'Are ye,' he would say, with a voice of exultation, and yet softened with melancholy, 'are ye our children? Does this scene of refinement, of elegance, of riches, of luxury, does all this come from our labors? Is this magnificent city, the like of which we never saw nor heard of on either continent, is this but an offshoot from Plymouth Rock?

"Quis jam locus * * * *

Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?"

Is this one part of the great reward for which my brethren and myself endured lives of toil and of hardship? We had faith and hope. God granted us the spirit to look forward, and we did look forward. But this scene we never anticipated. Our hopes were on another life. Of earthly gratifications we tasted little; for human honors we had little expectation. Our bones lie on the hill in Plymouth churchyard, obscure, unmarked, *secreted*, to preserve our graves from the knowledge of savage foes. No stone tells where we lie. And yet, let me say to you who are our descendants, who possess this glorious country and all it contains, who enjoy this hour of prosperity and the thousand blessings showered upon it by the God of your fathers, we envy you not, we reproach you not. Be rich, be

prosperous, be enlightened, * * * if such be your allotment on earth; but live, also, always to God and to duty. Spread yourselves and your children over the continent, accomplish the whole of your great destiny, and if it be that through the whole you carry Puritan hearts with you, if you still cherish an undying love of civil and religious liberty, and mean to enjoy them yourselves, and are willing to shed your heart's blood to transmit them to your posterity, then will you be worthy descendants of Carver, and Allerton, and Bradford, and the rest of those who landed from stormy seas on the Rock of Plymouth.''

ELDER BREWSTER'S PROPHECY¹

In the time of their greatest mortality, two or three died in a day. Faithful, patient, noble-hearted women, weakened by deprivations and suffering, some in the bloom of life, yielded to the fatal maladies, and often in the triumphs of faith. * * * And what must have been the Elder's feelings as he beheld the sufferings and sad diminishing of his little flock? What the deep workings of thought, trials of faith, and continued purpose of himself and companions, during this fearful period. I can seem to see, as that hard and dark season was passing away, a diminished procession of these Pilgrims following another, dearly loved and newly dead, to that bank of graves, and pausing sadly there before they shall turn away to see that face no more. In full view from that spot the Mayflower is still riding at anchor, but soon to sail to their fatherland, and leave them alone, the living and the dead, to the weal or woe of their new home. The afflicted and bereaved gather around their venerated Elder, dearer to them now than ever. They listen to his voice, subdued yet animated by firm faith and hope, whilst, in tones of cheerful trust that reach hearts as

¹Rufus Choate: *The Age of the Pilgrims*.

noble as his own, he gives utterance to his struggling emotions: "Man is altogether vanity. He passeth away as a shadow. His only true home is Heaven. Strangers and pilgrims are we on the earth. Still this spot on which we stand, this line of shore, yea, this whole land grows dearer daily, were it only for the precious dust which we have committed to its bosom. Here, rather than elsewhere, would I sleep when my hour shall come, with those who have shared in our exceeding labors, and whose burdens are now unloosed forever. I would be near them in the last day, and have a part in their resurrection. * * * Our departed ones are at rest. For some divine purpose we yet remain. It is on my mind that the darkest of our night is passed; the morning is at hand. The breath of the pleasant southwest is here, and the singing of birds. The sore sickness is stayed; somewhat more than half our number still remain, and among these some of our best and wisest, though others are fallen asleep. Cheering is the fact, that among you all, the living and the dead, not one, even when disease had seized him, and sharp anguish had made his heart as a little child's, who desired, yea, who could have been persuaded to go back by yonder ship to their former homes. Plainly is it God's will that we stand or fall here. Our very condition was not unthought of even in Holland. And in our heaviest trials has not the Divine Presence been with us? Did not His providential hand open for us the way through every difficulty? In that bitterest hour of embarkation, did we not see His bow in the cloud, the bright

bow of promise and hope, whose arch spanned for us the broad ocean, and is over us still? Wherefore let us stand in our lot. We believe this movement to be from Him. If He prosper us, we shall be the means of planting here a Christian colony and a pure church, yea, a nation, by which all other nations shall be healed.

Blessed will it be for us, blessed for this land, for this vast continent. Nay, from generation to generation will the blessing descend. Generations to come shall look back to this hour, and these scenes of agonizing trial, this day of small things, and say, 'Here was our beginning as a people. These were our fathers. Through their trials we inherit our blessings. Their faith is our faith; their hope our hope; their God our God.' The prospect brightens before me; it ends not on earth; it enters heaven! Let us go hence, then, to work with our might, that which we have to do. No small undertaking is it, that we have in hand. The opportunity for working will soon be past, and we shall be called to our account, and, if faithful, to our reward."

Calmly, and with firm faith, they turn from those graves; the Mayflower is sent away; and these men of stern resolve and high purpose, press onward in their incessant imperious labors.



RETURN OF THE MAYFLOWER

BREWSTER TABLETS

The Brewster Tablet. An interesting memorial was, in the summer of 1895, erected at Scrooby, Nottinghamshire, England, by the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Mass., to mark the site of the English home of William Brewster, the founder and the ruling elder of the Pilgrim Church of New England. Brewster, while in England, was one of the illustrious sufferers for conscience's sake, and after his liberation from jail he removed to Holland, then to the New World in the Mayflower. A transcript of the commemorating tablet, which is affixed to the farmhouse at Scrooby, on the site of Brewster's ancient manor-house, is as follows:

This Tablet is erected by the
Pilgrim Society of Plymouth,
Massachusetts, United States of
America, to mark the site of the
Ancient manor-house, where lived
William Brewster.

From 1588-1608. And where he
Organized the Pilgrim Church of
Which he became Ruling Elder, and
With which, in 1608, he removed to
Amsterdam, in 1609 to Leyden, and in
1620 to Plymouth, where he died,
April 10, 1644.

On the 28th of August, 1913, an obelisk was unveiled, which had been erected as a Memorial to the Pilgrim fathers, at Southampton, England. Many persons of note, both English and American, were present at the imposing ceremonies. One panel sacred to the memory of Elder Brewster, bears the following inscription:

In memory of
William Brewster.
Born at Scrooby, 1566.
Educated at Cambridge.
Special Ambassador to Holland, for Her Gracious
Majesty, Queen Elizabeth.
Sailed from this Quay on the good ship
Mayflower, 1620.
Signer of the Compact, Elder of Plymouth Colony,
Founder of the First Free Church in America.
Chaplain of the first Military Company under
Miles Standish against the Indians.
Brilliant in his Scholarship,
Far-seeing in his Statesmanship,
Broad-minded, convincing, and eloquent in his Preaching,
In the words of his beloved friend and
companion, Governor Bradford,
"He sweetly departed this life unto a better,"
Plymouth, Massachusetts, April 10, 1644.
This tablet is given by his Loyal Descendants in America.

For manhood is the one immortal thing
Beneath Time's changeful sky,
And, where it lightened once, from age to age,
Men come to learn, in grateful pilgrimage,
That length of days is knowing when to die.

James Russell Lowell.

The great, in affliction, bear a countenance more princely
than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest
hearts, like the palm tree, to strive most upward when it
is most burdened.

Sir Philip Sidney.

ELDER BREWSTER AND GOVERNOR BRADFORD

“In proportion to its numbers,” writes Morton Dexter, “Plymouth Colony was richly endowed with able leaders, and without them it must have failed utterly and speedily. Chief among them was John Robinson, who more than any one else, although he remained in Leyden, gave to it its abiding moral and spiritual impulse; Brewster, its original principal, wise and experienced, the patron, so to speak, of the enterprise; and Bradford, its thoughtful scholar, careful historian, and prudent, energetic man of affairs.”

The names of Elder Brewster and Governor Bradford, “the two main props of Plymouth Colony,” are as indissolubly linked as those of David and Jonathan. One of the most potent influences in the life of the youthful Bradford must have come to him, through his acquaintance with the future Elder of the Pilgrims. “The lad’s chosen friend and companion was William Brewster, a man thirty years his senior. His influence on Bradford was of the utmost importance, not only on account of his piety, but because of his great stores of wisdom and experience. Brewster was a scholar; but he had seen much of courts and

cities, and had studied the world as well as books, before he settled down at Serooby. In his earlier life he had been the trusted secretary and friend of Davison, the Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth. * * * Brewster has been with him at Court and in foreign lands, had been entrusted with important commissions, and had come into very close touch with the mysteries of royalty; for it was Davison who signed the death warrant of Mary, Queen of Scots, and lost his office thereby, through Elizabeth's treachery. * * * Those who speak of Bradford's lack of early advantages forget that the constant companionship of a man like William Brewster was in itself a liberal education.'"¹

"For almost a decade, or from the hour when Robinson made his prayer of parting and farewell at Delfshaven, to the hour of the settlement of an ordained minister at Plymouth, Brewster was the spiritual guide of the little flock in the wilderness. This is why his name appears only in the most important of the business transactions of the colony, and why, though his counsel was always in demand and always at the service of the chosen authorities, he was never advanced to civic leadership. In natural ability, in training, and above all, in wide and varied experience in affairs, he was one of the most competent men of the company to stand at the head in times of financial pressure, and when the skies of the future were black with clouds. He was, also, not only one of the best,

¹May Alden Ward: Old Colony Days.

but the best one to have charge of the religious interests of the Pilgrims. He had the age, the knowledge, the furnishing of books, the spiritual insight, the devout temper, the loving heart, the irreproachable character, the confidence and affection of the people, and—a matter of no small consequence—the advantage of long and close intimacy with the great Pastor who had been left behind, to qualify him above all others for this service in the things of God and the soul.’’²

Through all the years of arduous toil and difficulty incident to founding Plymouth Plantation, Elder Brewster and Governor Bradford went hand in hand. It was in the evening of his days, following the death of Brewster, that Bradford wrote his priceless history. Carried off from the Library in the tower of the Old South Church in Boston, by British soldiers during the Revolution, after an absence of one hundred and fifty years it was happily restored to America through the efforts of Senator Hoar and the courtesy of the Bishop of London. With appropriate honors it was received, and is preserved under glass in the Library of the State House of Boston, a possession forever to the American people, the Genesis and Exodus of their national history.

“William Bradford, of the Mayflower and Plymouth Rock, deserves the pre-eminence of being called the father of American history. We pay to him also that homage which we render to those authors who

²Frederick A. Noble.

even by their writings give to us the impression that, admirable as they may be in authorship, behind their authorship is something still more admirable—their own manliness. . . .

“There is no other document upon New England history that can take precedence of this either in time or in authority. Governor Bradford wrote of events that had passed under his own eye, and that had been shaped by his own hand; and he had every qualification of a trustworthy narrator. His mind was placid, grave, well-poised; he was a student of many books and of many languages; and being thus developed both by letters and by experience, he was able to tell well the truth of history as it had unfolded itself during his own strenuous and benignant career. . . . There is something very impressive in the quiet, sage words in which he pictures the conflicts of opinion among the Pilgrims over this question of their removal to America, their clear, straight view of the perils and pains which it would involve, and finally the considerations that moved them, in spite of all the tremendous difficulties they foresaw, to make their immortal attempt. No modern description of these modest and unconquerable heroes can equal the impression made upon us by the reserve and the moral sublimity of the historian’s words: upon almost every page of this history there is some quiet trace of the lofty motives which conducted them to their great enterprise, and of the simple heroism of their thoughts in pursuing it. They had undertaken the voyage,

'for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian faith,' and for the honor of their king and country.'" . . .

"Thus are made plain to us the commanding qualities of the mind and style of our first American historian—justice, breadth, vigor, dignity, directness, and untroubled command of strong and manly speech. Evidently he wrote without artistic consciousness or ambition. The daily food of his spirit was noble. He uttered himself, without effort, like a free man, a sage, and a Christian."³

The old Greeks were people of one book, and the same patriotism and undying love of country inspired in them by the Iliad and Odyssey will not be sought in vain in the narrative of Bradford. A wise and forceful writer of modern New England says truly:

"The book that Bradford wrote, as the tales that Homer told, will last as long as books are read. Plymouth may pass, as Troy did, but the story of its heroes will remain. Bradford wrote gravely and simply the chronicles of these, and no more, yet the fervent faith and sturdy love for fair play, unquenchable in the hearts of these men, breathes from every page, a fragrance that shall go forth on the winds of the world for all time. Bradford's book, which was our first, may well, at the end of time, be rated our greatest."⁴

"William Brewster more than any man was entitled

³Moses Coit Tyler: "History of American Literature."

⁴Winthrop Packard.

to be called the Founder of the Pilgrim Church. It originated in his house at Scrooby, and he sacrificed everything for it. . . . Of William Brewster it has been truly said that until his death in April, 1644, his hand was never lifted from Pilgrim history. He shaped the counsels of his colleagues, helped to mould their policy, safeguarded their liberties, and kept in check tendencies towards religious bigotry and oppression. He tolerated differences, but put down wrangling and dissension, and promoted to the best of his power the strength and purity of public and private life.’⁵

“Brewster and Bradford, the Æneas and Ascanius of our grand Pilgrim Epic—I might better have said, the Paul and Timothy, or be it Titus, of our New England, Plymouth, Separatist Church—both of them laymen, but both of them, by life and word, by precept and example, showing forth the great doctrines of Christ, their Saviour, with a power and a persuasiveness which might well have been envied by any pastor or preacher or lordly prelate of that or any other day: Together they braved persecution. Together they bore the taunts and scoffs of neighbors and relatives. Together they embraced exile. Together they were cast into prison at old Boston in Lincolnshire. Together, after a brief separation—for Bradford was liberated first on account of his youth—they found refuge in Holland. Together they embarked in the Mayflower. Together they were asso-

⁵Albert Christopher Addison: *The Romantic Story of the Mayflower Pilgrims*.

ciated for three and twenty years—for Brewster lived in a vigorous old age till 1643—in establishing and ruling the Pilgrim plantation here at New Plymouth.

“For ever honored by their names in New England history and in New England hearts! Alas! that no portrait of either of them is left—if, indeed, in their simplicity and modesty, they would ever have allowed one to be taken—so that their image, as well as their names and their example, might be held up to the contemplation of our country and of mankind for endless generations.”⁶

Stars shining out of a sable field in the coat-armor of the ancient Brewster family of Suffolk, England, were indeed the fitting emblem of Elder Brewster’s strangely chequered history. Behind the storms and thick darkness ever shone steadfastly the Sun of Righteousness. Amid the most adverse conditions the sweet and cheerful optimism of the heroic Elder of the Mayflower caused the heaviest cloud to “turn its silver lining to the light.”

⁶Robert C. Winthrop: Pilgrim Oration, Dec. 21, 1870.

PROVINCETOWN MEMORIAL TABLET

The corner stone of the Provincetown Monument to the Pilgrims was laid August 20, 1907. On August 5, 1910, it was dedicated with imposing ceremonies. The inscription on the monument was written by the orator of the day, Charles William Eliot, President-emeritus of Harvard University:

ON NOVEMBER 21st, 1620, THE MAYFLOWER,
CARRYING 102 PASSENGERS, MEN, WOMEN AND
CHILDREN, CAST ANCHOR IN THIS HARBOR
67 DAYS FROM PLYMOUTH, ENGLAND.

ON THE SAME DAY THE 41 ADULT MALES IN THE
COMPANY HAD SOLEMNLY COVENANTED AND
COMBINED THEMSELVES TOGETHER "INTO A
CIVIL BODY POLITICK."

THIS BODY POLITIC ESTABLISHED AND MAIN-
TAINED ON THE BLEAK AND BARREN EDGE OF A
VAST WILDERNESS A STATE WITHOUT A KING OR
A NOBLE, A CHURCH WITHOUT A BISHOP OF A
PRIEST, A DEMOCRATIC COMMONWEALTH, THE
MEMBERS OF WHICH WERE "STRAIGHTLY TIED TO
ALL CARE OF EACH OTHER'S GOOD AND OF THE
WHOLE BY EVERY ONE."

WITH LONG-SUFFERING DEVOTION AND SOBER
RESOLUTION THEY ILLUSTRATED FOR THE FIRST
TIME IN HISTORY THE PRINCIPLES OF CIVIL AND
RELIGIOUS LIBERTY AND THE PRACTICES OF A
GENUINE DEMOCRACY.

THEREFORE THE REMEMBRANCE OF THEM SHALL
BE PERPETUAL IN THE VAST REPUBLIC THAT HAS
INHERITED THEIR IDEALS.

They intended to go to Virginia,
But God at the wheel said, "No!
The hundred that I have chosen
To the cold, white North shall go.
I will temper them there as by fire,
I will try them a hundred fold,
I will shake them with all its tempests,
I will steady them with its cold."

So these men from the English meadows
By the pitiless Plymouth Bay,
Learned well the worth of their Freedom,
By the price they had to pay.
But out of the fires of affliction,
The tumult and struggle of wars,
They brought forth her glorious banner,
Its azure all shining with stars.

The Hundred has grown to a nation,
The wilderness blooms like the rose,
And all through the South and the West
Go the men of the ice and the snows.
But wherever they go, they carry
The strength of their forefather's fight—
The courage and moral uprightness,
Of men who prefer to do right.

Amelia E. Barr.





PILGRIM BEACH, 1620

THE COMING OF THE MAYFLOWER

Let us look into the magic mirror of the past and see this harbor of Cape Cod on the morning of the 11th of November, in the year of our Lord 1620, as described to us in the simple words of the pilgrims; "A pleasant bay, circled round, except the entrance, which is about four miles over from land to land, *compassed about to the very sea* with oaks, pines, junipers, sassafras, and other sweet weeds. It is a harbor wherein a thousand sail of ship may safely ride."

Such are the woody shores of Cape Cod as we look back upon them in that distant November day, and the harbor lies like a great crystal gem on the bosom of a virgin wilderness. The "fir trees, the pine trees, and the bay," rejoice together in freedom, for as yet the axe has spared them: in the noble bay no shipping has found shelter; no voice or sound of civilized man has broken the sweet calm of the forest. The oak leaves, now turned to crimson and maroon by the autumn frosts, reflect themselves in flushes of color on the still waters. The golden leaves of the sassafras yet cling to the branches, though their life has passed, and every brushing wind bears showers of them down to the water. Here and there the dark spires of the

cedar and the green leaves and red berries of the holly contrast with these lighter tints. The forest foliage grows down to the water's edge, so that the dash of the rising and falling tide washes into the shaggy cedar boughs which here and there lean over and dip in the waves.

No voice or sound from earth or sky proclaims that anything unwonted is coming or doing on these shores today. The wandering Indians, moving their hunting-camps along the woodland paths, saw no sign in the stars that morning, and no different color in the sunrise from what had been in the days of their fathers. Panther and wild-cat under their furry coats felt no thrill of coming dispossession, and saw nothing through their great golden eyes but the dawning of a day just like all other days—when “the sun ariseth and they gather themselves into their dens and lay them down.” And yet alike to Indian, panther, and wild-cat, to every oak of the forest, to every foot of land in America, from the stormy Atlantic to the broad Pacific, that day was a day of days.

There had been stormy and windy weather, but now dawned on the earth one of those still, golden times of November, full of dreamy rest and tender calm. The skies above were blue and fair, and the waters of the curving bay were a downward sky—a magical under-world, wherein the crimson oaks, and the dusk plumage of the pine, and the red holly-berries, and yellow sassafras leaves, all flickered and

glinted in wavering bands of color as soft winds swayed the glassy floor of waters.

In a moment, there is heard in the silent bay a sound of a rush and ripple, different from the lap of the many-tongued waves on the shore; and, silently as a cloud, with white wings spread, a little vessel glides into the harbor.

A little craft is she—not larger than the fishing-smacks that ply their course along our coasts in summer; but her decks are crowded with men, women, and children, looking out with joyous curiosity on the beautiful bay, where, after many dangers and storms, they first have found safe shelter and hopeful harbor.

That small, unknown ship was *the Mayflower*; those men and women who crowded her decks were that little handful of God's own wheat which had been flailed by adversity, tossed and winnowed till every husk of earthly selfishness and self-will had been beaten away from them and left only pure seed, fit for the planting of a new world. It was old Master Cotton Mather who said of them, "The Lord sifted three countries to find seed wherewith to plant America."

Hark now to the hearty cry of the sailors, as with a plash and a cheer the anchor goes down, just in the deep water inside of Long Point; and then, says their journal, "being now passed the vast ocean and sea of troubles, before their preparation unto further proceedings, as to seek out a place for habitation, they fell

down on their knees and blessed the Lord, the God of heaven, who had brought them over the vast and furious ocean, and delivered them from all perils and miseries thereof."

Let us draw nigh and mingle with this singular act of worship. Elder Brewster, with his well-known Geneva Bible in hand, leads the thanksgiving in words which, though thousands of years old, seem as if written for the occasion of that hour:

"Praise the Lord because He is good, for His mercy endureth forever. Let them which have been redeemed of the Lord show how He delivereth them from the hand of the oppressor. And gathered them out of the lands: from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south, when they wandered in deserts and wildernesses out of the way and found no city to dwell in. Both hungry and thirsty, their soul failed in them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their troubles, and He delivered them in their distresses. And led them forth by the right way, that they might go unto a city of habitation. They that go down to the sea and occupy by the great waters: they see the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, and it lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to heaven, and descend to the deep: so that their soul melteth for trouble. They are tossed to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and all their cunning is gone. Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and He bringeth them out of their distresses. He turneth the storm to a

calm, so that the waves thereof are still. When they are quieted they are glad, and He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."

As yet, the treasures of sacred song which are the liturgy of modern Christians had not arisen in the church. There was no Watts, and no Wesley, in the days of the Pilgrims; they brought with them in each family, as the most precious of household possessions, a thick volume containing, first, the Book of Common Prayer with the Psalter appointed to be read in churches; second, the whole Bible in the Geneva translation, which was the basis on which our present English translation was made; and, third, the Psalms of David, in meter, by Sternhold and Hopkins, with the music notes of the tunes, adapted to singing. Therefore it was that our little band were able to lift up their voices together in song and that the noble tones of Old Hundred for the first time floated over the silent bay and mingled with the sound of winds and waters, consecrating our American shores.

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

"The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

"O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

"For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure."

This grand hymn rose and swelled and vibrated in the still November air; while in between the pauses came the warble of birds, the scream of the jay, the hoarse call of hawk and eagle, going on with their forest ways all unmindful of the new era which had been ushered in with those solemn sounds.¹

“Let us go up in imagination to yonder hill, and look out upon the November scene. That single dark speck, just discernible through the perspective glass, on the waste of waters, is the fated vessel. The storm moans through her tattered canvass, as she creeps, almost sinking, to her anchorage in Provincetown harbour; and there she lies with all her treasures, not of silver and gold (for of these she has none), but of courage, of patience, of zeal, of high spiritual daring. So often as I dwell in imagination on this scene; when I consider the condition of the Mayflower, utterly incapable as she was of living through another gale; when I survey the terrible front presented by our coast to the navigator, who, unacquainted with its channels and roadsteads, should approach it in the stormy season, I dare not call it a mere piece of good fortune, that the general north and south wall of the shore of New England should be broken by this extraordinary projection of the Cape, running out into the ocean a hundred miles, as if on purpose to receive and encircle the previous vessel. As I now see her freighted with the destinies of a continent, barely escaped

¹Harriet Beecher Stowe.

from the perils of the deep, approaching the shore precisely where the broad sweep of this most remarkable headland presents almost the only point at which for hundreds of miles she could with any ease have made a harbour, and this perhaps the very best on the seaboard, I feel my spirit raised above the sphere of mere natural agencies. I see the mountains of New England rising from their rocky thrones. They rush forward into the ocean, settling down as they advance; and there they range themselves a mighty bulwark around the heaven-directed vessel. Yes, the everlasting God himself stretches out the arm of his mercy and his power in substantial manifestation, and gathers the meek company of his worshipers as in the hollow of his hand.”²

“December 21, 1620, the Mayflower was in the harbour of Plymouth Bay, battered and beaten by storm and tempest, but her work gallantly accomplished, and her people safe in the possession of freedom in their New England home.”³

“As Providence and the elements would, the Pilgrims landed in due course on the rock where they were destined, more perhaps than any other single body of men, to lay the foundations of a State that today stands second to none in the living world.”⁴

“A winter’s sky. Winds surging hoarsely through the pines. Waves breaking heavily on the beach.

²Edward Everett, 1839.

³Dr. John Brown: *The Pilgrim Fathers of New England*.

⁴Alfred T. Story: *American Shrines in England*.

Forests interminable. In the midst of omnipotence were these men indomitable. Earnest words borne on the wings of light. Almighty God called from high heavens in deep toned voices to fulfill His promises. Lastly earth courageous led by Spirit Divine. Thus knelt the praying Pilgrims for the first time in the presence of the new world.'⁵

⁵Frank M. Gregg: The Founding of a Nation.

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim-band—
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

APPENDIX A

Rev. Henry Martyn Dexter states that Archbishop Grindal, January 4, 1575, granted to his "trusty and well-beloved William Brewster, the office of Receiver of our Lordship or Manor of Scrooby, and of all the liberties of the same in the County of Nottingham." Further, Brewster was commissioned to "the office of Bailiff of our Lordship of Manor of Scrooby, and all the liberties of the same in the County of Nottingham, to hold, enjoy, occupy and exercise the said offices by himself, or his sufficient deputy or deputies, to the end of his life."

In the territory of Scrooby, for which William Brewster was responsible, were 17 towns and a park. He also held a manorial court to settle minor disputes and questions arising in that territory. Thus, from his youth, the future Elder of the Pilgrims was familiar with the great fundamental principles of judgment and justice between man and man.

APPENDIX B

Of the ideal portraits of Elder Brewster there is none finer than that in the "Return of the Mayflower," by Frank O. Small, now owned by Brown University.

"The scene is the beach at Plymouth, with Manomet Point in the distance. There a group of Pilgrims, with bared heads, bow reverently while Elder Brewster offers prayer, none venturing to look at the *Mayflower*, which is disappearing on the horizon. The figure of Brewster, the centre of the group, standing out prominently against a background of sky and sea, is singularly noble and impressive. * * * I do not know of any picture which so admirably illustrates the simplicity, courage, steadfastness, and romance of the Pilgrim Fathers, or which enforces so touchingly the isolation and loneliness of their first months in the new world."

APPENDIX C

The Pilgrim story is "a story of the slow but noble triumph of all that is finest in the English temper. * * * A generation fond of pleasure, disinclined towards serious thought, and shrinking from hardship, will find it difficult to imagine the temper, courage and manliness of the emigrants who made the first Christian settlement of New England. * * * Giving up all things in order to serve God is a sternness for which prosperity has unfitted us."

JOHN MASEFIELD.

It is good for us to commemorate this homespun past of ours, good, in these days of reckless and swaggering prosperity, to remind ourselves how poor our fathers were, and that we celebrate them because for themselves and their children they chose wisdom and understanding, and the things that are of God rather than any other riches.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.





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